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THE

CORNHILL

MAGAZINE

1921

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

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ON**

PEN PAINTING

BY

CÉCILE FRANCIS-LEWIS

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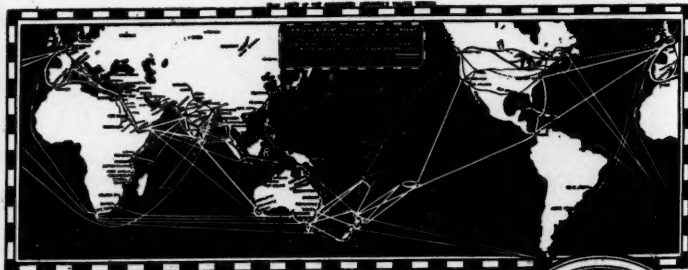
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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1921.

THE GREEN MOTH.

BY G. E. MITTON AND J. G. SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

OVER THE EDGE.

THE razor edge of the great rock rose clear into the serene blue of the evening sky of Burma. It was the choicest hour of the day, the one hour before the sun sank out of sight, when the air was filled with delicious coolness and a liquid glory. It compensated for all the metallic hours of brazen sunlight that had preceded it. The rock was one of an outcrop of detached limestone cliffs, round the base of which the sea once thundered, before the uptilting of the shores of the Gulf of Mottama defied its power and thrust it back a dozen miles or more. From the scarped face which fronted defiantly westward, there seemed no means of ascent at all. Yet there were tracks to which the human foot could cling, as the tiny pagodas wedged in here and there perilously at various heights showed.

One of the terraces, high up on the face of the rock, was of a semicircular shape, as if formed into a promenade by artificial means. Up to its outer lip flowed the jungle growth, matted, intertwined, apparently impenetrable. On the inner side rose the sheer wall of the rock, with nothing but a few waving heads of the ubiquitous lantana in the crevices, and between the two, poised on the edge of that unfathomable gulf, with her shadow thrown back on the scarped cliff behind, stood a girl alone. She was gazing wide-eyed at the mellow golden light flooding the plain, and as she gazed she raised her arms and outstretched them as if in her ecstasy she would embrace the vision in all its glory.

Not fifty yards from her was a curious excrescence, a huge oval-shaped boulder balanced on one end, slightly tilted outward so that it slanted at a precarious angle over the abyss below.

On its upper end was built a small dainty white and gold pagoda. This pagoda, renowned throughout the whole of the Buddhist world, was believed to be kept in place by the exercise of miraculous power. It was this that the girl had come to see, but at the first moment of stepping out on to the flat terrace, she had been enchanted by the magnificent view to the exclusion of all else.

She was rather taller than the average Burmese woman, and her Burmese skirt, of thick dark red silk, had evidently been washed more than once so that its stiffness had abated, and it fell gracefully to the curves of her upright figure. Her slender brown hands and wrists, decorated with gold bangles, came out of the wide sleeves of the little white mull engyi or jacket. Her round brunette face could not be called beautiful, but there was a hint of roguishness in its curves, and in the setting of the dark eyes, that merited the word pretty. Her hair, in a thick strand of dark brown, was coiled above her forehead, but it lacked the oily polish of Burmese fashion.

Realising that the sun was falling fast, she swung round surveying the marvel she had come so far to see, and regarded it with her hands on her hips and her head on one side. Presently obeying an impulse, she sprang forward and placed her back against the egg-shaped stone, which towered far above her head, and bracing her sandalled feet on the hard rock of the path thrust with all her might to hurl it down. That she knew she was doing something impious was obvious from her expression.

All at once the crunch of a boot was heard very clearly at the corner near the lower end of the terrace. The girl's head shot up with exactly the gesture of a watchful deer. The great boulder was partly between her and the point at which the new-comer would appear. With a dive as swift as that which the deer might have made, she slipped over the lip of the precipice into the foliage, which swallowed her up as the green water of the sea might have done.

As the quivering of the leaves ceased the owner of the boots came into sight. He had heard or seen something, for he halted, looking this way and that, and then very cautiously peered round the mighty stone, as if he fully expected someone to play bo-peep with him. He was clearly puzzled when the utter blankness of the terrace forced itself upon him.

He was far above the average both in height and looks. A tall thin figure in a holland suit, with a crop of thick black hair and large and most noticeable eyes. He rested one hand against

the pagoda stone, and bending forward assured himself that no human being could have passed between it and the edge of the precipice. Then he walked to the far end of the terrace and found that it disappeared into the void. No human being, certainly no Burmese girl such as the one whose white engyi had flashed before his eyes, could have got out there. Neither could she have scaled the upright cliff. He gave up the quest temporarily, satisfied his curiosity as to the celebrated shrine, glanced toward the western sky, growing every minute more gorgeous, and then turned back the way he had come.

He walked with firm regular tread along the terrace and round the corner. But with scarce a pause he crept back in a silence that was wonderful considering the handicap of his boots. He bestowed himself with great care behind the rock, so as to be invisible to anyone on the far side of it, and waited with the tense stillness of the trained hunter whatever might happen.

A slight crackling by the lip of the terrace was the first sign of life, and a waving and bending among the creepers which fringed the rock followed. Tom Marjoram, the watcher, waited no longer; springing from his lair his long stride carried him above the place instantly, and down among the greenery he saw two slender brown hands reaching upward to grasp the edge of the rock. Between them and below, framed in an uneven selva of leaves, was a soft brown face with melting eyes deeply fringed. The face came up as if rising from a sea-wave, and disappeared instantly; the two brown wrists with their sliding bangles were submerged also before Marjoram, who had fallen on his knees, could grasp them. It was quite obvious that the rock did not drop away in a perpendicular precipice but sloped gradually outwards below the green veil which enveloped the girl.

'Can't I help you?' cried Marjoram, laughter in his voice. He hardly expected an answer, and none came from beneath the still foliage. So he slipped his feet over the edge and dropped, trusting to luck to land safely. He broke through the waving screen easily and found shelving ground beneath his feet not far below. Recovering his balance, he brought up within a few feet of the woman who had allured him. He could see her well, for the small growth of shrubs and parasites prevented her edging away. In the gracious shadows of the roof they gazed at each other, then she drew up the corner of her mouth, showing very white teeth, and snarled at him like some threatened furry creature.

'Why are you frightened of me?' Marjoram asked in his

pleasant voice. 'I'll go away if you like, but let me help you up first.'

Again that little pucker of the lip that intrigued him immensely ; it might have been the odd effect of the green light, but as she showed her silent snarl her mutinous face seemed to him the most desirable he had ever seen in woman.

'Oh, ho,' he cried softly. 'You're all by yourself, you see.'

She spoke swiftly in Burmese. 'Will you please go away ? I wish to be alone.'

'Very well, I will,' he replied in the same tongue, which he knew excellently well. 'But if I do as you wish, you must do as I wish, and let me see you safe on the level first.'

For answer she made a spring, so sudden and lithe that it was like the leap of some wild creature of the wood. Her object had evidently been to reach the terrace edge, but she fell short of it, and tumbled forward on her hands with a half-smothered cry. The sound and gesture conveyed to Marjoram that she was hurt. He caught her waist between his strong hands from behind, and helping her to rise, steadied her against the small trunk of a young sapling, which was pushing its way up to the light. Very quickly he withdrew his fingers, expecting to feel those small white pointed teeth, which were so unlike the betel-stained teeth he was accustomed to see. Surveying her he perceived that one of her ankles was puffed and swollen beneath the strap of the sandal that she wore. So without more ado he went down in front of her and cut the strap with his pocket-knife. He could feel the tremor which ran through her at his touch, and looking up at her he spoke very gently : 'You foolish girl ! You have twisted your ankle, tumbling over there to avoid me. Did you think I should eat you ? How in the world can you get home without my help ?' He could see that she was struggling not to cry, and though she did not speak another word he felt he might safely support her arm and guide her to the ledge. It was no easy matter to land her on the terrace walk even then, but he raised her as far as he could, and she, gripping with a fierce determination, drew herself on to the level, when he quickly followed. 'You can't imagine I'm going to leave you here in this plight,' he said, looking down at her reproachfully as he dusted his knees. 'It will be pitch dark in another half-hour. Where do you live ?'

She remained as she had dragged herself up, half lying, half sitting, and as she looked at him searchingly there was something at once wistful and noble in her pose and expression which was

out of keeping with her Burmese dress. Marjoram was extremely puzzled by her. Though her colouring, the round chubbiness of her face and the long slender hands fitted well enough with Burmese characteristics, yet she was obviously different from the average Burmese maiden, and how the deuce, he asked himself, did she come to be by herself all this way from anywhere?

'Please leave me, I shall be all right,' she said at last.

'That I can't do,' he replied determinedly. So far as he knew there was no habitation on all that hill-side except those of the mysterious monks who flitted about collecting offerings and inspiring the lay Burmans with much veneration. In his perplexity he turned away ruffling up his hair. 'These monks may be her fellow-countrymen,' he said aloud to himself in English. 'But I'm dashed if I like to trust her with them. The only way will be for us both to make a night of it up here.'

A slight scratching on the ground behind revealed to him that the girl had struggled to her feet; he turned to see her staggering along, clutching at the rock face, trying to get round the corner away from him. But her foot gave under her, and with a sharp cry of pain she sank down in a heap, and covered her face with her slim brown hands.

Marjoram knelt beside her, and a note that no woman had ever heard in his voice before was there, as he tried to draw away her wrists. 'Little one,' he said in English, 'you understand well enough, trust me and I will carry you down.' She made no movement of assent, but he felt that he had won, and stooping, he enfolded her in his arms. As he raised her a wave of some feeling, unutterably sweet, to which he had so far been a stranger, swept over him when he felt her soft body against his side.

He passed easily along the terrace, and rounding the corner, began the descent. She was not light, for though she was but little taller than the generality of Burmese women, she was plump enough, but he was exceptionally tall, and splendidly made, a man whom people turned to look at as he passed in the street. His handsome face and striking carriage had given him an easy mastery over the women he had met, with few exceptions, but the lure of women had missed him. Now for the very first time in his life he was touched by that feeling he had derided. He looked down at the face so short a space beneath his own. The girl's eyes were closed. Her lips were firmly pressed together. There was something mutinous still in the curves of the warm apricot-tinted cheek. She was no darker than an English brunette of a pronounced type,

and her skin showed the whitening of the thanaka paste so freely used by Burmese girls, while the fragrance of it rose to his nostrils. In a dream of bliss he picked his way onward, until the path contracted, and he had to walk advisedly. He meant to kiss the girl before he set her down, but he did not wish to do it too soon; he lingered over the ecstasy of the coming moment, turning it in his imagination as if he were a connoisseur—he the merest novice!

In places he had to pass sideways to prevent the feet of this rare burden scraping the natural wall. In other cases it was necessary to go step by step with the utmost caution. There were short pitches up as well as down, but he managed so cleverly that not even the wisp of an overhanging bough kissed the face that seemed to sleep, and yet to sleep consciously, below his own. It was as if he were jealous lest the waving leaves of the wood should brush the bloom from that soft skin.

At last he came out at a place he well remembered. A frail bridge swung across a ravine. It was manufactured from two jointed bamboo supports, with a floor of split bamboo matting as the footway between. It had no rail, and was not more than two feet wide. The gathering darkness increased the difficulty of tackling it. But Marjoram was not in a state to fear anything. He walked on clouds and his footsteps were sure. Just as he was going to start on the dangerous way the girl moved and opened her eyes. 'You must take off your boots,' she said in Burmese, in a curious dream-like tone. He paused. It was true. Even coming up he had had to remove them before traversing that swinging footway, and then he had not been weighted as he was now.

With an immense reluctance he set her down, resting on the track, and knelt close behind her to unlace the boots. He was conscious of her nearness all the time, and she sat as still as a mouse, but when, having slung the boots around his neck by the laces, he held out his arms to her she edged away piteously, and pushed at him with her hands.

'Won't you trust me?' he asked.

She dragged herself forward, and he, with the easy assurance of victory, let her go, but when on her knees she had reached out and tested the feeble swaying bridge, she drew back and knelt upright, and wrung her hands in a gesture of despairing anguish essentially dramatic.

He stood waiting. There was a long silence while, unknown to her, he bent forward nearer and nearer until his face was almost

touching her neck. Then she spoke with a curious note of authority in her tone, which made him draw back suddenly.

'Can you do it? With me too?' she asked.

'I will do it—with you too,' he answered confidently.

So with a movement that thrilled him she half turned and, resting her hand on his arm, raised herself, and signified mutely she was ready. The fact of her turning to him, slight as it was, seemed to him the promise of an ecstasy hitherto undreamed of. He arranged his arms around her so that he might lift her easily.

'You must lie quite still,' he said in a whisper, his lips close to her ear. She made a little movement of assent. 'Even if you feel the bridge swinging, and it will swing,' he continued, 'you must make no sudden movement, or over we'll both go headlong down among those trees and bushes and the lord knows what, that fill the ravine below.' Again she made that mute movement as of a bird turning in its nest. One of her arms was round his neck encircling it by the crutch of the elbow, and he was warmly conscious of it. He steadied himself a second and started forward.

The moment he set foot on the bridge it rose towards him far more than it had done when only his own weight was in question, but he kept straight on, step by step, steadying himself on each foot as he placed it. He was in a new world, a magic world, he had never entered before. As he trod that frail bridge, under the rapidly flowing cloud of night, with the odour of luxuriant growth and sinister decay around, the world of sensation which had hitherto been a sealed book to him revealed itself. He had so far obtained such sensation as was necessary to flavour existence, vicariously, by getting other men in a vice and seeing them writhe. Women had amused him sometimes, but the effect they made on him was so faint that they quickly palled. Now, he was at the centre of the world. He felt no fear. A calm certainty possessed him. He knew exactly what he meant to do when he reached the middle of the bridge. There, as if they two were alone on the clouds of heaven, he was going to kiss this woman, the first of all women in the world who had come alive for him!

What would happen afterwards hardly concerned him at all, his whole being was filled with the glory of that anticipated moment when she must lie passive in his arms, while he kissed and kissed her as often as he pleased.

He had calculated his steps, and knew exactly when he had reached the middle of the sagging mat bridge. He stopped.

'Remember you mustn't move,' he said in a clear soft voice. 'If you do we shall fly together into the abyss. You must lie as you are lying now in my arms passive and still—while I kiss you—'

A heart-rending voice of protest came from the warm living being he held. 'I trusted you,' she said.

He laughed a little. What did he care? He had her there, completely in his power. He prolonged the moment of delicious anticipation—now he would—

'Pass on, never halt on a bridge,' said someone in Burmese, close behind his shoulder. 'It is dangerous thus to linger with a threefold weight—the bridge is old.'

The spell was broken, the chance gone! With hell in his heart—and passion thwarted makes the hottest hell—Tom Marjoram strode forward, not heeding how he placed his feet, and somehow reached the further bank. Putting down his charge he wheeled to face the pôngyi, seeing him dimly in the fast departing light, under the heavy shade of the trees. The man was not so tall as himself, but broader and fuller of flesh. His yellowish skin toned with the folds of the saffron cloth he wore, from which his bare round shoulder rose. His face was heavy and under its shaven crown looked featureless. The words of wrath with which Marjoram would have spoken had not yet found utterance, when the girl hopped between the two men and addressed the monk: 'Oh, Holy One and humble of heart,' she cried, opening out to him as she had not done to Marjoram, 'your handmaid has been very foolish. I came by myself to see this sacred *payah* of which all the world speaks, and I fell and hurt my foot. This English *thakin* has kindly carried me so far. But oh, Saintly One, let me stay with you! Show me some cave or *zayat* where I may be this night. Then in the morning I can find my way home.' Her voice was charged with an emotion which made itself felt on both men.

'Peace, peace, servant of the Holy Order,' said the pôngyi without looking at her, for it is one of the vows taken by the monks not to look upon woman. 'Cherisher of the Order, thou hast done, as thou sayest, very foolishly. It is not yet an hour since meditating by the highest *zaydee* on The Lord, The Law and The Assembly, the Three Precious Things, I was disturbed and brought back by the sight of a woman far below, who came, not to bring gifts, or to ensure her passage on the road of the enfranchisement, but to fill the measure of sinful curiosity.'

Marjoram had had time to get himself in hand, to reflect that possibly the póngyi had not overheard what he said, that to show his fury would be to betray himself, and that opportunity came to him who made it, so he said abruptly—'The *bikkhu* says well, such things are very unwise, but the question is what is to be done with the lady now?'

'The *tagamadaw* shall be safe,' said the monk grandiloquently. 'In a pilgrims' shed near to the kyaungs of the monks shall she find food and shelter. Carry her, *tagadaw*, for it is not permitted to a *rahan* to touch a woman. Even if a monk see his own mother in a ditch it is enjoined on him to hold out a stick for her to lay hold of rather than to break his vow by touching her hand.'

Marjoram picked up the now unresisting girl and carried her quietly in the rear of the monk's imposing figure through the narrow jungle ways. He did not attempt to molest her, or to express in any way the measure of his balked desire. The time was not yet.

The last faint light waned, night shut down as he went forward, and it was rather by general sense than any indication of sight that he knew they had turned into a narrow defile leading into some sort of open platform amid an amphitheatre of great heights. Lights flitted here and there, and as the sound of their arrival was heard, these remained for a moment motionless, suspended apparently in mid-air, for the dark figures upholding them were invisible behind. A word from the monk, who led the way, brought the torch-bearers converging upon the party, who were surrounded by a ghostly throng of which no one figure was completely visible. Beetly eyes and patches of yellow robe shone here and there in the lambent light of the dry bamboo torches, and a shuffling of bare feet and the deep breathing of many men contributed to make a strange eerie atmosphere. For one instant Marjoram felt the girl twitch closer to him as if for protection and then she recovered herself and broke away. He let her go, supporting her as she stood.

'Leave me now,' she said in a voice scarcely audible.

He hesitated. 'You are sure?'

'Yes,' her tone was firmer now.

'I am going back to Môtama, my car is at the foot of the hill. I can easily carry you the rest of the way down and run you into the town.'

'No.' She broke from him and sank upon a large stone.

'Any message I can take to your people?'

'None, thank you.' The ice in her voice was very apparent now.

'It is impossible! A girl like you! Here all night!' he burst out.

'I shall be safer here,' she answered very composedly.

In a sudden fury he wheeled and left her without another word.

At a sign from the monk who had brought them there, a little neophyte broke from the throng, and hurried after Marjoram to see him safely through the winding footways to the base of the hill.

Marjoram drove back to town in a state of mental unrest he had never experienced before. He was due to dine with the Deputy Commissioner, Lawrence Thornthwaite, whom he had known, more or less, for a great many years. He was not sorry, for he wanted very badly indeed to discover the riddle of this extraordinary girl, whether she were indeed of Burman blood or a European masquerading, and if so why she should be able to speak fluent Burmese and wander by herself in this astonishing fashion. Accordingly he dressed hastily and was very punctual in arriving at his host's bungalow.

As the two men sat opposite at dinner under the punkah-proof lamp, Marjoram was so much preoccupied that he found it difficult to listen to his companion's conversation. There came back on him, with an intensity that hurt, the glance of brown eyes which had a fiery spark in them at one moment, and the next were melting with unshed tears; the feeling of a soft warm brown skin that well-nigh drove him mad. It was the mystery, the piquancy of the adventure, that had so impressed him.

Lawrence Thornthwaite sat opposite imperturbably, without the least notion of all this strange turmoil. He was below middle height, very slight in figure, always immaculately dressed, and his manner was that of officialdom. Very few people knew anything about Thornthwaite, those who met him constantly least of all. He was very capable, and never spared himself. His colleagues looked upon him as invaluable, for if ever there was an extra bit of work to be done, or something unpleasant to be faced, they were sure of a backing from Thornthwaite. But the trouble was that his manner was alike to all. White or yellow, old or young, he was invariably pleasant and nothing more. Not one knew him. Most of the men at his club were so used to him that they took

for granted they knew all there was to know, 'a real good sort, Thornthwaite, sort of man to go to if you're in a hole, but nothing in him.' This was the usual summing up of his character. The Commissioner, Sir Denis Fitzroy, who was not usually supposed to be a very shrewd judge of men, alone had the penetration to perceive that Thornthwaite was the most reserved man he had ever encountered. Tom Marjoram was numbered among the majority; he liked the man well enough, but never credited him with having anything beneath his well-groomed ordinary exterior. He himself had that day been initiated, everything had acquired a new value. Phrases which had been mere words to him before had leaped into stupendous significance. He found himself pitying Thornthwaite, who could never know this vivid inner life. To him always, as to Marjoram yesterday, the references to the great motive power of life in books must seem to be pure imagination.

The two men were utterly dissimilar. Marjoram, of mixed parentage, had inherited no traditions but many great physical gifts. He knew the traditions and conformed to them when it pleased him, but they had no root in him. Thornthwaite, from a long line of well-born ancestors of purely English blood, had these traditions welded into his being. To him conduct in regard to his fellow-men came first as a creed, self-effacement as a necessary corollary to it, and in acting up to this heroic code he never dreamed he was aiming at the highest.

Marjoram had arrived at a point when he must speak on the subject that was engrossing him, for he had never exercised self-control. He waited until they were seated on the verandah with coffee and cheroots before he began: 'Do you know all the native families in Möttama?'

'Not the families, I know the men, by sight at least,' Thornthwaite answered in his usual precise manner.

'Are the girls allowed to wander about as they please?'

'I can't imagine their wishing to, but Burmese women, as you know, are much more free than those of any other Eastern race. You ought to know, seeing you've lived so many years in Rangoon.'

'Rangoon doesn't count. There are so few real Burmans there. The men one comes in contact with in the way of business are mostly of other races, Chinamen, for instance.'

'It was the most astonishing thing, Marjoram, that that Chinaman, Min King, should make you his heir.'

'It was. No one was more surprised than myself.'

'Have you found out much about his property on this side of the bay?'

'Not yet. That is what I'm here for. I have sold my own business in Rangoon; that didn't seem to matter a flea-bite in comparison with what I have inherited. It is nearly a year since Min King died, and I haven't even yet discovered what he owned. When I have, and can get things ship-shape I shall probably travel a bit.'

'I suppose you are one of the richest men in the East?'

'I don't know what I have. When you have passed a certain figure it's no good trying.'

'It must be difficult to get used to it.'

'I've given up trying. At first it was that that worried me. I said to myself every now and again, "Do you realise the power that is in your hands? Can you make use of it? What are you going to do with it?" Now, I don't worry. It's like space and eternity and things of that sort. Man's brain can only range a very limited circle after all. Of course, I know that if I really wanted anything I could get it.'

From under the verandah, out on to the still night-air there sounded a sort of ironical chuckle.

Thornthwaite looked up, but Marjoram only muttered 'Confound him!' and sat silent. The sound was repeated, and ended in a long-drawn wail.

'It's that diabolical fiddler of mine,' explained Marjoram as his host looked a question at him. 'He was a bequest left to me by Min King, and he plays on one of those two-stringed fiddles, rebecks they call them; it's curious, but I'm getting to like the hideous sounds; if I am worried, this man, Ah Su, comes up and carries it all off with those long-drawn howls of his. The fiddle is part of his body; if it were smashed he would bleed to death. He isn't a body servant, but lives in my compound and goes around with me when he fancies. I don't know why I keep him, sort of appurtenance of Chinese plutocracy, I suppose. I shall probably end by wringing his neck.'

But he was not to be put off his main purpose, which was to find out more about the girl who had inoculated him with strange fire, so he began again after a pause: 'I suppose none of the girls here, English girls I mean, would go about in Burmese costume?'

In the long silence that followed he knew that Thornthwaite

knew the girl in question, and that he did not wish his guest to know her, so he was quite prepared for the non-committal answer. 'If they did they would soon be known, it would be a most unwise thing to do.'

Marjoram was inwardly amused. There was such a girl then, and she was European, and Thornthwaite disapproved of her going about so dressed, and yet he did not wish her to be known or sought by other men. What a joke! This heightened his interest in the girl greatly. He would say no more; he could find out all he wanted from other sources, but that Thornthwaite of all men—

The joke served to keep him in high good temper all the way home.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROCK MONASTERY.

THE monk in whose charge the girl had been left was clearly not a Burman, as might be seen by anyone directly he stood in a good light. He was thick-set and tall; there was not an atom of hair on his head or face, and his small, shifty eyes were so deeply buried that it was difficult to say what colour they might be. He had, moreover, none of the listless demeanour of the pôngyi type. His actions were direct and forceful, and the way in which he ordered his companions showed that he was in authority in this curious monastery set in the heart of the hills. He dismissed the monks who were pressing round with a wave of the hand, and telling the girl he was going to fetch a bandage for her foot, he left her.

As she sat there alone her throbbing blood quieted gradually, and she looked up and about her to see where she was. The stars were beginning to appear, and the star-shine illumined the sky sufficiently to show the high serrated outlines of the cliffs surrounding this eyrie. The plateau itself was in darkness, but there were no doubt lean-to sheds and caves used by the monks for their dormitories opening off from it on all sides.

When the abbot returned he was accompanied by a little boy undergoing his noviciate; the child held a lantern and a basin, and his refreshingly simple face and lively brown eyes brought a smile to the lips of the girl.

The abbot made the *koyin* kneel before her and wash the foot by pouring water over it. Then he himself bound up the swollen ankle deftly without once touching the skin with his fingers. Completing his work, he gave a grunt of satisfaction and handed his patient a thick stick.

'There is a *zayat* half-way down the hill,' he said in Burmese, in which language all the conversation had been carried on. 'The *koyin* will show you the way.'

The girl's heart failed her; her vivid imagination leaped forward to the moment when, as the boy departed, his light would be eclipsed by the intervening shrubs, and she should find herself alone in an open-sided shed, raised but a foot or two from the ground.

The picture subdued her, and it was in a very pleading voice she asked: 'Can't I stay somewhere here until the morning? I shall give no trouble.'

The abbot considered the matter. 'If you are not afraid—' he began.

Afraid? Yes, she was, but more afraid of that lonely *zayat*. She did not answer. Without further speech, he motioned to her to follow him, and led the way. The little lad cast the lantern light on the grey stone and made the shadows dance this way and that, in innocent lightness of heart.

Thus she hobbled along to the far end of the plateau, where was a great cave. As the lantern light fled upwards along the curving sides, it revealed a gigantic statue of the seated Buddha, cut from the living rock. Calm and benignant he sat, his right hand, palm upwards, on his knee. In a recess opposite was a rudely cut shelf on which lay some clothes. The abbot, still without looking at his uninvited guest, waved his hand to show her she might occupy this hard bed. At any rate, it was dry and clean, and she sat down on it thankfully enough.

The monk was gone before she knew it, and the lad, leaving the lantern in the centre of the uneven rocky floor, glided after him. As he followed behind the monk's back, he drew from his robe something which he had been carefully guarding, and threw it at her. In his nervousness his aim had been better than he meant, and a gorgeous rose-red hybiscus of an unusual size fell with refreshing coolness right upon her lips. Before she could thank him he was gone. But in a few minutes he darted back with a platter of rice, some plantains, and a water-cooler of earthenware. Setting

these on the ground, he smiled at her with his hand on his mouth, and vanished like a wraith.

The lantern on the ground cast the light upwards on the great statue and gave to it an unearthly expression of a benevolent serenity, tinged with a slightly satirical questioning.

It was a strange position for an English girl to find herself in.

And as Darya Molineux lay there resting in the peace of exhaustion, she felt the strangeness of it flood freshly upon her. She had deliberately chosen her path in life, and it had led her into many curious places, but none quite so curious as this.

Darya was an only child, and her father, an Indian civilian, had been a Deputy Commissioner in Môtama when she was born. She had once been home to England with her parents on leave as a little thing, but had not finally left Burma until she was nine years old. As a baby she had been so delicate that her parents had despaired of rearing her, and as a last hope a devoted foster-mother had been found in a Burmese woman, Mah Pah Oo, who loved the babe above her own, which had dwindled and died, giving up with its mother's milk its chance of life to the little stranger.

As Darya lay with half-closed eyes under the gaze of the great image, she felt herself once again a toddling child, just able to walk, being guided up the long slope to the pagoda platform by her Burmese nurse. There was always something mysterious about these excursions, which greatly heightened the impression they had made on the sensitive mind of the child. Her parents had no part in them; they did not know she was taken there. Mah Pah Oo had made her understand, even as a baby, that she must never speak of the pagoda. The long staircase and the red betel stains at the base of the white columns had always held for Darya the awful quality of something cruel and threatening; she confusedly associated them with animal sacrifices; but her heart was filled with holy awe when she reached the shrine on the great platform, and saw the gloriously shining glass mosaic of many colours, more splendid than anything she had seen elsewhere, and the very thing to fix itself on to the image of that New Jerusalem of precious stones and golden streets of which she read in the Bible a year or two later.

She had knelt there many a time with Mah Pah Oo, holding up her pudgy brown hands with a spray of richly-smelling champak, 'temple flower,' as an offering, as the Burmese women did. She had looked upward with reverential devotion to the great golden

image, smirking in the glint of the smoky tapers, stuck on by their own wax to the ground before it. There she had felt in the very presence of God. Her ideas of God had always been coloured by images of the Buddha. The mixed smell of the temple flowers, of the smoking grease, of thanaka powder, and a hundred other odours were all part of the solemnity with which the occasion was invested. As she grew older she had never quite recaptured the whole-hearted reverence of those earlier days; she could not shut her eyes to the tawdriness, the dust and the rubbish so interwoven with the imagery and colours; and at nine her impressions were broken off abruptly, for by one of those sudden illnesses, due to the climate, Arthur Molineux and his wife had died within a few days of each other. The child had been sent home to a relation in England, and lived as an alien in a strange land through miserable years of self-repression and loneliness. At twenty-one, coming into her little heritage, she found herself her own mistress, and her heart, so long smothered, began to burst up and cry for that dear land she loved and that foster-mother who had been so much more to her than ever her own mother had been.

While she was in this mood of expansion she had found herself caught in the glamour of a love affair which promised all that her lonely heart could long for. The way in which she had eagerly grasped at the treasure had been her undoing. Freely had she trusted, freely had she shown her love, and she had been subsequently the victim of one of those catastrophes which wreck the soul. After it she had no one to turn to in England. Those who had coldly received her twelve years before and had 'done their duty by her' until her coming of age, could not now be thought of. To get away where they might never know what had happened had been her instinct; to go straight to that loving heart where alone she could find relief for her agony was the only feeling left. Luckily, Mah Pah Oo was alive and a widow. Her joy at welcoming her lost child was so full and complete that it saved Darya from dying of her internal wounds. She found that the Burman heart can be as loyal as that of the Scots. To Mah Pah Oo alone, of all in the world, had she told her story, and explained why she feared and dreaded all men, and why the wells of emotion had been dried up in her. Now all she asked was to live evenly and simply, and never again to be wracked with the violent alternations of hope and fear, joy and anguish, that come from the giving of one's heart to the keeping of another.

The European ladies in the station, when they understood that Darya's father had been one of their class, were ready to receive her warmly and to overlook the extraordinary manner of her entrance into their midst, unheralded and unchaperoned. They would have been kindly patronising had she suffered it. But from the first Darya had repelled them. She had been quite courteous, but held them off with an adroitness which would have been creditable in a married woman of twice her age and experience ; and when the ladies of the society of Môttama heard that she had, against all exostulations on the part of the authorities, bought land and built a little bungalow on the hilltop, and was going to live in it alone with Mah Pah Oo and have a couple of Indian servants for the rough work, their horror and incredulous pity had given them subject-matter for much conversation.

The Commissioner, Sir Denis Fitzroy, had indeed done everything he could to stop it short of actually forbidding Darya to defy convention in this fashion. He was a good-looking Irishman who found it hard to be stern with women of any age if they had any pretence of good looks, and he had deputed the hardest part of the task to the Deputy Commissioner, Lawrence Thornthwaite, who, liking it no better, had gone through with it grimly. They could not forbid Darya to build a house and live outside the circle of smug society, but they did all they could—and failed.

Darya, on her side, had not brought any of her exceedingly potent sex weapons into play. So severely had she been cut and wounded in this game already that she shrank from the bare idea of handling them again. She kept to correspondence of an impersonal nature wherever possible, but her determination never wavered, and she won.

She had now been in the country for about a year, and she had more friends among the Burmans than among the English. She had found very little trouble in picking up again the language she had rattled off so glibly as a child, and she was at many points oddly in touch with Burmese feeling ; but there was one quality in her which could never be understood by the Oriental, her love of wandering off on long excursions alone for the sheer pleasure of it. In these wanderings she had discovered that her European dress attracted attention, which, though never rude, prevented her from being as utterly unself-conscious as she desired. So she had begun to wear the Burmese dress, and with her Brunette colouring

and dark hair and eyes, it had sufficed to pass her off without undue notice.

It had long been her desire to see the famous leaning pagoda in the limestone range, but the distance was far and she had never until now summoned up enough energy to undertake the expedition. Now, having done so, she found she had been wildly imprudent and was caught in a most unpleasant position. How was she to get back? If she could by any manner of means send a message to Mah Pah Oo, it was quite likely that her brother, Maung Ka, a man of a respectable position and substance, would come to fetch her in his little cart drawn by a pretty trotting bullock, but all this would take time, and possibly mean another night on the cliff.

Turning from the thoughts of the past to the difficulties of the responsible present, Darya closed her eyes and lay as if asleep. She had passed over that border line where one floats into unconsciousness, when something brought her back; it was not a sound or a movement, but just that feeling of a 'presence' which is wafted to those with very acute senses. Without moving otherwise, she opened her lids a trifle, and out of the crack saw a sight which made the blood shoot through her heart with a pang of terror. For there, against the opposite wall of the cavern, squatted the abbot who had brought her in. He was looking fixedly at her with an expression on his face which no woman of any experience could possibly mistake. In that moment Darya felt with bitter anguish the height of her folly. The monks are, of course, supposed to lead lives of perfect purity and abstinence, it is one of their vows. The ideal was well maintained, but there were black sheep among them. This particular man carried in his heavy jowl and thick nose a danger signal that no one could overlook. He was evidently in supreme authority here; he had none to gainsay him. In her simplicity, Darya had imagined he had conducted her to some guest-chamber occasionally tenanted by wayfarers, and now she realised that of course this must be his own chamber, and a burning blush spread slowly to her cheeks as she wondered what the little novice had thought of it? Curiously enough it was this idea which for the minute troubled her most. The blush was so deep and obvious that it could not be overlooked, and while she was wondering whether her best course would be still to feign sleep or sit up and confront her unwelcome visitor stormily, he spoke in even tones—

'You do not sleep, little one?' he said without moving from his position with his back to the wall some four or five yards from her.

'Ah!' She sat up, pushed her hair back with an energetic sweep of her hand, and inquired forcefully in vigorous Burmese, 'How can I sleep, when he who has taken pity on me and given me shelter and food comes rudely to disturb what should be sacred to him—the repose of a tired woman?'

He smiled a little and, without moving, answered her suavely. As his words trickled into her senses they filled her with horror.

'Does the wayfarer grudge that which costs her nothing? Would she refuse sparkling water to a man dying of thirst? No. How then can she deny the sight of herself to one who dwells in prison and is dying of another kind of thirst?'

Darya sat up and, dropping her feet to the ground, groped for the stick she had laid aside. 'How dare you?' she cried in English, 'How dare you insult me so? Go instantly!'

Never had she seen a man's face change so quickly and completely! The monk's jaw dropped, his complexion became tinted with a sickly greenish hue. 'You are English?' he stammered hoarsely in that language. 'Now may the gracious lord of all forgive me,' and with drooping head he staggered forth, his two hands reaching out vaguely as if to ward off besetting spectres. As he vanished, stumbling into the darkness, Darya lay back on her hard bed and, pillowing her face in her arms, wept unrestrainedly.

CHAPTER III.

'MRS. FROG'S EGG.'

A LONG, straight road, slightly raised, with deep ditches on either side, ran between the paddy fields across the plain from the base of the limestone rocks. Along this road, trotting with a certain gay patience, came a little white bullock dragging a small vehicle. The cart ran on high, light wheels, and was very neat and workmanlike, altogether suitable to the small, costly bullock, whose large, dark eyes and slender hoofs were more like those of an antelope than one of the bovine species. He was driven by a Burman with a silk gaung-baung as pink as the icing on a sugar cake, beneath which beamed

a shrewd, kindly face. Beside him sat Darya, well satisfied to have left the scene of last night's catastrophe, and at the back, caged within the upright bars, were two small brown boys with tufts of hair rising like carrot-tops from the middle of their shaven polls.

The man was Maung Ka, dearly-beloved and well-trusted brother of Mah Pah Oo. He had been out with his famous little bullock very very early that morning in order to reach the hill of the pagodas in good time.

'I would like to know why you came just this morning,' Darya remarked for the twentieth time as the hard ground sped by beneath them under the twinkling hoofs.

'*Amè!* Haven't I told you,' repeated Maung Ka, smiling very readily. 'It was to make arrangements for the *lugale gyee* here, to get religion, to put on the Yellow Robe when Lent and the rains begin.'

'Yes, you have told me that,' answered Darya in his own tongue. 'But to tell is not always to make wise; I want to be made wise.'

His shrewd eyes rested for a moment on her face. 'He who knows too much is never wise,' he responded with the readiness of his race to bandy words.

'Then I will ask you straight out what I want to know. Did Mah Pah Oo tell you to come to fetch me?'

'How could Mah Pah Oo do so, knowing that the thakin-ma will never be fetched if her own inclination lies not that way?'

Darya laughed; 'Ah, you have answered,' she said. 'Dear Mah Pah Oo was anxious and advised that you should inquire about the child's noviciate to-day. I am very much obliged to you, Maung Ka, you can't think how pleased I was to see your face. I might have got a country bullock cart, but the long, slow crawl home in one of those lumbering things would have been maddening.'

'Better still to go as the new carts go, the motakah, the carts that go by themselves,' and as he spoke he pointed ahead where a faint cloud of dust was rising to meet them.

A sharp thrill of anxiety seized Darya. 'Who is it, Maung Ka?' she asked rather breathlessly.

'If you ask me I should say it is the rich English thakin who has lately come to Môttama with his new motakah,' he said.

Darya's alarm had already foreshadowed the same thing. There was nowhere to conceal herself in that lightly-built cart with the open woodwork and absence of any covering. 'Oh, Maung Ka,'

she exclaimed hurriedly, 'I don't want him to see me. What shall I do? Stop a moment that I may get down and hide by the roadside, then you can go on and come back for me.'

The Burman did not slacken his pace; he was as shrewd as he looked.

'There is not a place where a mouse could hide,' he said contemptuously. 'But if we go on steadily and he sees the little thakin-ma with me, he will not look at her, thinking she is a girl of the Burmans.'

'All right,' Darya assented nervously, and forthwith turned her head aside and began to talk to the children at the back; *lugale gyee* (big little man) and *lugale gnè* (little wee man) as they were affectionately called by their parents, who completely ignored their own names, to which very little importance was attached, except for their horoscope.

The motor car hummed swiftly down upon them. The rough, straight road was narrow, and Maung Ka had to pull his little vehicle to one side to make way. Darya, bending over, felt the wind of the car as it sped past, and glanced after it as the space widened between. But at the instant she looked, Marjoram, who himself was driving, with an Indian chauffeur seated beside him, recklessly turned and flashed a glance at her full face. In that second she knew she was discovered, though he did not slacken speed. Vexed as she was at her own imprudence, she solaced herself by thinking that now at least he must imagine her to be a Burmese girl, and, working on that assumption, he would never be able to trace her.

'Do you know anything about that Englishman, Maung Ka?' she asked as the bullock resumed its trot.

'He has inherited the wealth of the Chinaman, Min King,' replied Maung Ka. 'Men say he could build a golden pagoda as high as that at Rangoon.'

'But about himself, is anything said of him?'

'Those who are employed by him say he speaks soft words—too fair, for if a great man flatters you, be on your guard.'

'He is very handsome.'

'Every bird is handsome compared with the vulture.'

Darya knew it was quite useless to get anything out of a Burman if he did not wish to give himself away, and Maung Ka, being extremely cautious by temperament, usually did not. So she gave up the conversation and sat in silence while the bullock made its way over the springy turf and neared the ridge of hill that shut

in Môttaia on the land side ; then it climbed slowly by winding ways until it brought into sight her own compound on the ridge, and the roof of the little bungalow rising from a clump of trees, among which could be seen conspicuously some fine tamarinds, mangoes, a gold mohur tree, and the 'Twelve month Shrub.'

Before they reached the swing gate Mah Pah Oo had sensed them and was scuttering down the path with little squeaks of delight. Her ruse had succeeded, her brother had brought back the lost sheep !

'*Amè, amè !*' she cried in an excess of joy, but when she saw Darya alight with difficulty and hobble the few steps over the grass to the gate, her cries were changed to little moans to express sympathy and woe.

'Did I not tell the Miss,' she gabbled in her swift, flowing mother tongue, 'that she should not have set out yesterday, for evil would come ? Did not the mighty nats themselves warn Miss by making her return again to the house ere she had gone one mile upon her way ? Did I not hear a cock crowing in the early morning yesterday ? How then could Miss expect to escape disaster ? Lucky that it is not worse ; now for many days no more of these wanderings.'

Mah Pah Oo was several years over forty, the age at which a Burmese woman is supposed to give up personal vanities and bestow her jewels on her daughter-in-law. She looked at least sixty, but a wholesome and likely-to-last sixty. Her face was not wrinkled or lined, but the parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over her face with its broad forehead narrowing down to a peaked chin. The pear-shape effect was intensified by the fact that Mah Pah Oo wore no hair, at least none to speak of. The broad, glossy black tail which she had delighted to smooth with oil and decorate with flowers when she folded it high on the crown of her small head in the days of her youth, had gone the way of the jewels, for it had been no more of a personal possession than they. Now the few, sparse hairs were plastered flat back and did not show at all unless someone looked down on them, which happened not infrequently, as Mah Pah Oo was only four feet four, though she prided herself on her inches. She looked small, even beside Darya, as she hovered around in her spotless white jacket and skirt cloth of a check duster pattern.

'No more fussing, Froggy dear,' said Darya, using the pet name she had eagerly seized on in childhood when first she understood that one meaning of Mah Pah Oo was 'Mrs. Frog's

Egg.' She spoke gently for she had learned that even a tone of coldness would cast a gloom over the devoted woman for a day. 'Bring out some of those fine cakes Pinsawmy made yesterday, for your nephews the Big Little and Wee Little men!'

CHAPTER IV.

THE D.C.

THE exquisite brilliance of a new day was flooding the land when Darya crept from her bed in the centre of the varnished teak floor, and hobbled to the verandah rail overlooking the plain to the East. The bungalow was her own, built to her orders, on a piece of land she had bought. It stood considerably higher than any other house in Môtama. It was on a level with the great pagodas lying further to the north along the high ridge, which runs parallel with the gulf. The clump of trees by which it was surrounded was beloved of crows, and at this first hour of the morning their unquiet squawking came out irregularly from the depths of the foliage.

Dawn in the Orient—what words can paint it? Is that thrill of rapture that strings the whole being at the first sight of it ever to be recaptured? The air might have been liquid diamond, so brilliant was its quality. The heavy-leaved plants around the house were dripping with moisture, which poured down in runnels, the mass of milky-blue plumbago looked wan and drenched, but the gallant cannas, like a row of gorgeous macaws, held high their royal heads, and the great bush of red poinsettia topped the verandah rail.

On the carefully kept lawn the shadows still lay heavily, and the grey pearling of the dew was criss-crossed by the feet of small animals that had scurried home at the breaking of the day.

Darya stood spell-bound with the joy and dear familiarity of it all! The years during which her eyes had opened on the grey pavements in a smoky town, and her sight had been beaten back at but a few yards distance by the brick and stucco of the rows of opposite houses, had so heightened and intensified her appreciation of the golden beauty of this land that it never satiated her. There was no limit to the vision, for her sight passed between the heavy masses of the trees and sped out over the illimitable plain till distance grew beyond their fathoming.

But this morning there was a new, strange quality in her that troubled her. She felt as if up to now she had been asleep, passive to all feeling, enjoying the beauty calmly and externally. She had been neither cowed nor excited, neither unhappy nor joyous, but in a state when all outside impressions marked the skin of her consciousness only. During the past night, when she had lain awake in pain and humiliation, she began to suffer again as she had hoped never to suffer more. Marjoram's insult and the monk's attitude toward her had struck on that once violently bruised internal self which she had imagined had healed. With the attainment of her desire when she gained the peace of her little home, away from all fellow-beings but her foster-mother, she had fancied she would feel no more. She had determined to arrive at that blissful state of detachment held up as the monkish ideal, in which mere things of earth have no power to move. But now she knew that she had not gained any such state, that the months she had passed had merely been months of recuperation after terrible exhaustion of mind and heart, and that her power of suffering had once again returned in full force. As she stood there at the verandah rail, unquiet in spite of the glory before her, she heard Mah Pah Oo's voice behind her.

'Miss has pain?' she asked anxiously, without any preface or greeting, which are not in use among Burmans.

'No, not much, Froggy dear,' Darya answered. 'The pain is not in my foot but all over me. I am beginning to come alive again.'

She used to speak her thoughts aloud, careless whether they were understood or not, and Mah Pah Oo, who often understood very little, had learned to accept her as something not to be explained but only dearly loved.

'Miss will have *chota hazri*?' she asked, her practical mind turning always to the details of the English household.

'The bath first,' Darya said. 'I will have *chota hazri* on the lawn; it will have dried up by then.'

Presently the shuffling feet of the panni-wallah came up the outer staircase to the bath chamber. He carried two kerosene tins of boiling water, heated over a few sticks in the compound at the back. Then he went off again to fill the big earthenware jars with cold water from the well half-way down the hill. He was dressed only in a stained cotton vest, a rust-coloured cloth and turban, yet he had a pair of gold rings in his ears. His long, lean

bronze legs brushed the dew off the wet plants as he went down the hill and came up the hill, as he had done at dawn and dusk for many a day. Water, in his experience, was a precious commodity to be hauled up slowly and carried laboriously, as coal is hewn and fetched from a mine. Water flowing through pipes, to be secured by the turning of a tap, had not even entered his imagination.

Darya had a fancy to be 'very English' this morning, as a reaction from her experience of the day before. She dressed her hair very carefully, and put on a fine, soft, white muslin gown; it was made of mull from the bazaar, but the dhurzi had copied it stitch by stitch from a frock out from 'home' and he had done his work well.

When dressed, she lay on a long deck chair on the lawn shut in by the trees. By her side was a little table on which stood her toast, washed butter, a small china pot of tea, and a great orange-coloured slice of papaya. At this time the air was deliciously fresh. The inevitable Indian crow peered perkily at her from the hedge, his knowing eye cocked at an angle of impudence. The ubiquitous sparrows, found all the world over, chirped and twittered as if they were very industrious, two thrush-like birds fought violently, making the thick mango leaves wave agitatedly, and a wagtail, not quite like the English variety, scuttered across the short grass. It was all very charming.

Then the latch of the gate fell noisily, and Darya's face became rose-red with anxiety as to who this disturber might be. But she quieted a little when she saw it was the Deputy Commissioner, Lawrence Thornthwaite, in riding kit. He looked as neat and well groomed as he always did, while he bent over her hand in greeting and explained he had left his horse with his sais outside.

(To be continued.)

AN AID TO PEACE.

'Qua via captiosa solvuntur—ambulando.'

A PASSAGE from Lamartine is quoted in the preface to Howitt's '*Visits to Remarkable Places*,' which might be recalled now with peculiar interest and advantage :

'Almost always a scrutinizing glance may discover a secret and profound analogy between the country and the individual who has graced it, between the scene and the actor, between Nature and the genius which derived its inspirations therefrom.'

What thus applies to the individual applies also to the nation. So, if you would know what the life or character of a nation really is, and learn so to understand and sympathise with the people as to feel that real friendship which will form the basis of a true peace, the best way is to roam through the country they inhabit, become familiar with its scenes and see the inhabitants in their natural ordinary life. To wander on foot through a country, as Howitt or Pastor Moritz did in England, or Borrow in Spain or in Wales, or as Goldsmith in Western Europe, even if the flute has to be discarded, or as any other Beloved Vagabond wherever he goes, leads to the kind of knowledge which, if it became more general, would surely have a great influence towards making War impossible, and Peace a permanent and living reality.

There seems to be a general impression amongst educated people on the Continent, and also among Americans, that Englishmen have a peculiar insularity which prevents them having either real knowledge of, or interest in, any country except their own—that they have no sympathy with, or understanding of, others. I remember years ago meeting in a railway carriage in Sweden an Austrian officer and his wife—people, as Austrians so generally are, of attractive manners and friendly to strangers. In the course of conversation he spoke of this British defect, remarking how ignorant the English generally were of the geography of other countries, and how little they knew of them or of their people. If they went abroad, it was to some cosmopolitan hotel where they might find something as near as possible to the conditions of their life at home, perhaps with a little extra luxury, and where they met no one from whom they could learn anything of the inner life of

the countries they visited. He owned a pleasant country seat in a Tyrolese valley, which shall here be nameless, and it was impossible to resist the temptation of talking to him about the country around it, asking after the landlord of the little inn at Mittelburg in Pitzthal, speaking of the view from the Wildspitz, saying how beautifully 'Hofer's Tod' was sung by the peasants at Gaschurn in the Montafonthal, and inquiring about the *cuté* who sometimes entertained visitors at Bschlaps among the mountains on the track from the Lechthal to Imst. He seemed perplexed in trying to square the theories he had formed with the fact that an ordinary Englishman casually met would have the kind of knowledge of his country and affection for it which naturally comes to any sympathetic tramp. But it is the lack of such knowledge on the part of statesmen which has led them to commit cruel injustice. Would it have been possible for anyone who had walked by day through the Tyrolese valleys that lie south of the Brenner, and chatted in the evening with the families of the inn-keepers where he stayed the night, say at Kurzras or Ratzes, to have been party to the crime of handing over the Tyrolese German-speaking people of the Schnalzer Thal or Grodner Thal to the alien rule of Italy, and to the folly of entering into a covenant which might compel us to use British forces to assist the Italians in imposing their yoke on the descendants of Andreas Hofer and his comrades? In view of such action the talk about self-determination appears a hypocritical farce. It is a right denied to the peaceful and industrious peasant and reserved for the turbulent agitator or the assassin. How few Englishmen, before the War at least, had any real knowledge of rural France, or understanding of the character of the people and the questions which occupied their thoughts! Some will remember in their schooldays, half a century ago, their constant quarrels with the French master, their lingering belief that one Englishman could easily fight five Frenchmen, whose food consisted mainly of snails and frogs, swallowed by them as we do oysters; then, how in a more advanced class they were bored by Racine, or later surreptitiously made acquaintance with the story of Nana and took it as duly representing the ordinary social life of our neighbours across the Channel. Avoiding the present as dangerous for comment, we might go back to a visit to France a few years ago. What sympathy with France could we have if we formed our opinion of it, let us say, from a perusal of a report of that travesty of justice,

the trial of Dreyfus, truthfully reported in the excellent *Figaro*, and took Colonel Paty du Clam as a fair type of the French Army, or even if we listened to some eloquent bishop in a crowded cathedral, giving his version of the history of France, exploiting patriotic feeling to serve his ecclesiastical, and religion his political, party; anything to discredit a Republican government? Surely it was possible to learn more of the French people if in Holy Week you entered some village church, heard the heartfelt singing of a congregation of men, peasants from the neighbourhood or cattle-drovers passing through, and listened to the beautiful and touching words, suited to the season, of the earnest and refined Carmelite who addressed them. It was not from the columns of bitter misrepresentation contained in some clerical journal, say *La Patrie*, that one could learn what the expulsion of the monks and nuns meant to the country districts of France, but, rather, from meeting some poor Christian Brother tramping along the high road in Auvergne, and hearing from him how he must leave his school. He wondered whether England or Spain should be his place of refuge, having no more knowledge of either than a child in the fourth standard, but saddened at the thought of leaving the home where he had always lived, having never seen anything more than twenty or thirty miles distant from it except on one short excursion to Paris. How he opened out and told his history and feelings, after being invited to share a bottle of wine and plentiful *déjeuner* at the comfortable restaurant at the foot of the Puy-de-Dôme, insisted on accompanying us to the top, tucked up his frock as we ascended through rain and mist, and pointed out the objects of archæological interest. They may all be forgotten utterly, or only recalled by refreshing the memory with the more accurate information given by Baedeker; but no one would forget the simplicity, goodwill, and friendliness of the man, or the troubles he was bravely trying to face, nor the interest expressed by our neighbours at the next table, wondering if we could be English from a Protestant country thus sharing our meal with a Catholic priest, and finally coming to the conclusion that we must be Irish, as they, too, were Catholic. After all, there is something in common humanity, and the further you get away from the conventional life of your own profession and ordinary social environment the better you understand it.

Take another example—from Greece. Can we possibly understand the country and its people if our knowledge is derived

only from secondhand accounts of the intrigues of politicians in Athens? Much rather, to understand Greece and its people, should one charter some tiny sailing craft at Nauplia, beat down the Gulf against a head wind, listening to the improvised songs of the sailor in charge, then land at some small jetty, make your way up the hills to a monastery, such as Loukou, dine in Lent with the Abbot on lettuces or tomatoes, with two or three eggs added as a concession to Western weakness and greed, and listen to his discourse on the points of similarity between the Anglican and Greek Churches and the hope for reunion. Then pass on through the mountains beyond Hagios Petros to some inn accessible only by mule-track, where on a dispute arising with the muleteer over some unconscionable claim, the villagers, eager to hear the case, flock in and decide it by popular vote given in favour of the strangers when satisfied that their conduct had been just, and their payments even generous. Or sail away to some island in the Aegean, perhaps Mykonos, and taking the will for the deed, discover that the friendly efforts of the landlady to prepare a tolerable meal make it almost possible to eat with relish the horrible products of her culinary ignorance, and that *resinata* is really a pleasant beverage. Then the children come in, attractive as children are all the world over, to show you their school-books, where on one page they learn that Sheffield produces steel and Manchester cotton goods, on the next you find a diagram of the lungs and liver, and at the end the Psalter and Creed, and the charming patriotic song telling the deeds of the Greeks of a bygone day in phrases with the true Anacreontic lilt: 'Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.' Then the schoolmaster may enter and, looking over your shoulder as you read the Greek version of the Nicene Creed, remark that he knows what you wish to see, viz. the difference between the East and West by the omission of the *Filioque* clause. He may then ask you to quote from your favourite Greek poet, and even express approval of a very British way of rendering a hexameter with utter indifference to the accents. After a week or two so spent you feel when you look at the map of Greece that you do know something of the country and its people, can tell what kind of trees and flowers are growing on the hillsides, and have some acquaintance with the men, women, and children who are living among them and with the homes where they dwell. You share their love of their country and regard them as friends, though sorrowfully admitting your inability to rise to a true Franciscan

catholicity and include in the universal brotherhood either the dishonest muleteer or his vicious beast so ready with his heels; or the army of voracious nocturnal visitors against whom even the strongest Keating's is an inadequate defence. How few Westerners would emulate the pacifism of the Jain !

Instances could be multiplied from other countries. If governments really expressed the will of the mass of the people, until misled by the machinations or the theories of politicians and professors or infected by the jaundice of the Yellow Press, would the war forced on the world by Germany have been possible ? It seems strange to think that just before the war an Englishman could have been tramping through the Black Forest, chatting with a vigorous and intelligent forester who was making his way to kill a pig or two for some old ladies at a distant farm, hearing about the life of his comrade, of his family and his hopes, and then parting with him on some hill-top, where he had gone out of his way to show a specially beautiful view of the country, with the assurance that they would meet again some day for another day's walk in the forest. The kindly guide has probably since met his death, driven to it by the ambition or greed of those who had led him to believe that if he died in the invasion of France, he was dying in defence of his Fatherland. Which of the two companions as they walked among the pine trees or shared a simple meal at the forest guest-house would have dreamed of any cause for quarrel ?

This way to peace through personal knowledge of other countries and through understanding the life and feelings of the people from direct contact with them, instead of seeing them through the perverted vision of politicians or of writers in political journals, may be still more important in dealing with different parts of the Empire, above all with Ireland and with India. It would surely be well before venturing to speak so confidently as they do about Irish questions on either side, for Englishmen, instead of associating only with those who have political or personal ends in view, to wander on foot or with a bicycle through Ireland and learn to love the country as those inevitably must who thus become acquainted with it. Let them stroll in the evening by Glendalough when the sad, sweet stillness of the scene slides into the soul softly as sleep, or make the ascent of Lugnaquilla and from the summit look away to the west over Kilkenny to the wild Galtee Mountains on the far horizon, or straying among the ruins on the rock of Cashel dream of brighter days past, or in Kerry race with swinging stride,

like an Arab's on loose desert sands, over the bogs in the Black Valley, where walking is impossible, up to Carrantoul, stopping, it may be, at some cabin for a cup of milk, and yielding to the invitation to add a dose or two of 'mountain dew,' supposed to have been illicitly distilled over some peat fire secreted among the mountains but actually purchased raw and fiery for the delectation of chance tourists, at some spirit store in Cork. Buy of the wares and swallow with gusto and pay handsomely for the witty and delicious flattery of some aged dame, or attractive colleen, who offers a sprig of white heather gathered expressly to greet the arrival of a stranger endowed with every virtue and grace. He will learn how stupid it is to gauge the exuberance of Irish eloquence by the irrelevant standard of literal fact. He will learn, too, to understand something of the feeling that the Irish have for their country if he makes himself familiar with the more remote districts which have a peculiar beauty tinged with melancholy, different from anything to be found in other lands. He will never forget the thrill of solemn joy when, stepping westward, he saw Clew Bay stretching before him as day declined and the dark islands stood black against the glowing sky and all the sea flamed blood-red as the sun disappeared in the Atlantic. More beautiful than the noblest works of imaginative art, the wanderer keeps stored in his memory a collection of vivid pictures of real scenes, and the loveliest of all may have been found in the far west of Connemara when the soft evening light was falling on the rich deep green and brown of the moorlands and was reflected in the dark pools of black water. Then—*vera incessu patuit dea*—some Irish girl, bare-footed, clad in the short red petticoat, the habit of Connaught, comes stepping towards him along the rough track, the level light casting a glory on her waving hair. How, as he stops to ask her the way to—the first name that comes into his head—a ripple of merriment passes over the wistful sadness of her dark blue eyes, 'deeper than the depths of water stilled at even.' Could she read this description that merriment would become more pronounced! Years ago I remember an acquaintance—no longer young—gravely remarking: 'I feel I am exposed to serious risk in travelling in Ireland.' 'Why? What nonsense!' 'There is the constant danger of falling in love too often.'

But—*corruptio optimi pessima*. This was long since, at a time when Mr. Balfour's rule was still vigorously denounced and gratefully remembered in Ireland, and before the follies of the

last fifteen years had undone so much of the beneficent work carried out by him and some of his colleagues. We may recall the answer given to a sympathetic tourist who, after a bad winter when actual famine had been avoided with difficulty, inquired at some poor cabin in a congested district how they managed to live through it. 'Sure it was a hard time, but we got along fairly well. Glory be to God and bloody Balfour.' Such a tribute could have been impossible unless the Chief Secretary had personally visited the far west and learned to know and to care for the people who lived and suffered there.

How difficult, again, it is for those who have been brought up with the ideas of the West, to understand anything of the thought and of the life of India. But suppose some insular Briton finds his way there with open mind, leaving behind him the idols of his tribe, his den, and his market-place, the barriers which separate East and West may not wholly exclude him from appreciating the Indian point of view. Before setting foot on Indian soil, his ignorance of the country and its people may have been almost equal to that of an average Secretary of State for India who is suddenly called upon to direct the government of the country, and to be the ultimate authority in dealing with it. British common sense and love of justice may sometimes make such appointments successful in spite of their seeming absurdity; for example, when men of very different outlook and training but with long experience of India were asked who in their recollection was the best Secretary of State, the concurrent answer was 'Certainly Sir Henry Fowler.' No one could have thought, *a priori*, that the training given in a solicitor's office and a Wesleyan chapel in the Midland counties, was a good preparation for governing a great Empire, but so it was.

It is not always easy to distinguish mere dreams from things heard and seen long since in far-off lands. Is it fancy that pictures or memory that recalls a visit to some little known native state? With the courtesy Indians so often show to strangers, the Diwan of the State calls at the guest-house, takes the visitor to drive round the town, showing the improvements that are being made, talking of what is being done to promote commerce and education; then, as evening comes on, they drive together to a beautiful lake beyond the town. The sun is just setting behind the low hills, dark against a sky, glowing with the orange tints, with the warmth of colour seen only in the East; the reflection

of hill and sky and tree in the still lake, even more vivid than the scene reflected. The deep silence is broken by the noise of the tom-toms in a temple on the neighbouring hill calling the devout to prayer. The Eastern and the Western have never met before, yet the influence of the scene—and something else, one knows not what—breaks down all barriers between them. The Indian, highly educated, well read in the latest Western scientific speculations, a man responsible for the Government of the State, drops his natural reserve and, after a word or two as to the meaning of their worship and idolatry to the poor and ignorant who are flocking to the shrine, tells of his own faith, of what Brahma and Vishnu and Shiva really mean to him. How much there seemed in common with the highest aspirations of Western faith! In one short hour a corner of the veil that severs West and East had been raised, and more had been disclosed than could have been learnt from book-study in months. They drove back together almost in silence. The moon, strangely white as it is never seen in the West, had risen over the sleeping town, and the stranger paused, wondering at the infinite calm and beauty of the vision as he passed along the track to the rest-house where the leaves of the nim trees cast their shadows like a fretwork of ebony on a ground of more than silvery whiteness. Only a few days before he had been driving through the streets of Agra when Muhammadans and Hindoos were murdering each other through some dispute at the Muharram festival, and general massacre and loot were only prevented by the presence of a few companies of Seaforth Highlanders. A few days later he found in Bombay the ruin caused by the failure of the Swadishi Banks. Yet there are those who venture to speak of putting an end to the co-operation of British and Indian in government for the welfare of India as an object to be desired.

ALFRED HOPKINSON.

PAN IN THE NEW WORLD.

I HAVE been reading Rupert Brooke's 'Letters from America' with an Introductory Note by Henry James. It is rather like following the devious paths of a Japanese garden and passing through an Arabesque portico to come upon a moderate-sized Elizabethan house.

For the Introduction is literature—of a kind—and the Letters themselves are journalism—also of a kind, if you like, although written by a poet. I am not presuming here to criticise their author in his latter rôle, and I can appreciate their merit as mere notes of travel, which is all they claim to be, indeed.

But I cannot help wishing that he had been able to delay writing them until he had been longer in Canada, and until the natural features of the country had lured him and gripped him, as they do the average Englishman, after he has been here for a few years. The Pullman car traveller is moving too fast; his optic nerves become wearied as one picture blurs and effaces another, and there are too many of his fellow-beings crowded round him and distracting his thoughts. You need to be alone on the prairie before you know what the prairie knows. Some of his pictures of Canadian scenes are beautiful photographs, but somehow he fails to show you what a colourful land Canada really is. Almost inevitably one compares them with Rudyard Kipling's 'Letters to the Family,' and the comparison, while perhaps hardly fair to the younger man, leaves one persuaded that, not only in swift appreciation of the essential detail, but in what one might almost speak of as 'absolute' as distinguished from 'relative' vision, the elder and more experienced writer is the better artist.

I once heard a Canadian ask a distinguished Anglo-Indian judge to tell him something about the jungle. The Indian civilian had just mentioned that he had once lived for six months or more in a ruined temple, deep in the jungle, with no companions but a few natives. He replied 'Oh, I just know enough about the jungle to feel that I know nothing. The man to tell you about the jungle would be C——,' and he turned to me as he spoke, for C—— was well known to both of us. Furthermore, his name as a shikari was a byword in India and in Overseas Clubs.

Now it happened that a few months later I met C—— himself,

returning from a hunting trip after wild sheep in the Caucasus. I repeated this conversation to him and his answer was 'Oh, I couldn't tell you about the jungle. I know something about it, of course, but I can't tell it. If you want to know really what the jungle is like, read Rudyard Kipling. He'll give you the jungle as it is.'

Then he paused reflectively for a moment or two, and added 'And I don't believe the beggar was ever a mile inside the jungle, or ever fired a rifle in his life.'

That is what I mean by vision. Now Rupert Brooke travelled across the Canadian prairie, and it seems to have had much the same effect on him as it would on you or me, or any other ordinary passenger, seeing it for the first time from a train; it rather frightened him. Our Canadian 'forests and wild places,' he says, 'are windswept and empty. The air is too thin to breathe.'

That I can quite understand in the case of those of us who are not poets. But Rupert Brooke was a poet and should have known better, as Rudyard Kipling did. Brooke did a little more than travel merely along the main line of the C.P.R. He travelled two or three hundred miles over less well-known routes from Winnipeg and penetrated into wilds that were comparatively uncivilised, but even then he wasn't there long enough to begin to feel the unforgettable glamour of it all.

So far as I know, Kipling never left the main travelled roads in Western Canada. But now listen to what he has to say about the prairie:

'I see the grass shake in the sun for leagues on either hand,
I see a river loop and run about a treeless land—
An empty plain, a steely pond, a distance diamond-clear,
And low blue naked hills beyond. And what is that to fear?

'Go softly by that river-side or, when you would depart,
You'll find its every winding tied and knotted round your heart.
Be wary as the seasons pass, or you may ne'er outrun
The wind that sets that yellowed grass a-shiver 'neath the sun.'

It takes the ordinary man a year or two of changing seasons to find that out. Kipling saw it at a glance.

Most of us learn it slowly and quite unconsciously. It steals into the fibres of our being unawares; that is why it is so perilous. 'The maple and birch,' says Rupert Brooke, 'conceal no dryads,

and Pan has never been heard among these reed-beds.' How long did he listen for him? An hour or two, maybe. Did he think Pan came for the calling, even for poets? If you are content to wait by the great Northern lakes, you may hear him whisper in hidden places by secret rivers; in the lipping of the lazy surge on yellow sands; in the washing and lipping of little ripples round the fringe of slim, upthrusting rushes. But you must wait alone.

You must sit at night, alone, and stare at the core of the backlog when the fire is burning low, and listen to the shrill recurrent cry of the whip-poor-will swishing through the night air like a lash, or catch the sudden note of alarm from a frightened wildfowl in some distant, lost lagoon. Have you ever heard the night-call of the loon—like the wail of a passing soul, or the cry of Gabriel's hounds, when the canoe was moored to a haunted islet, where no Indian would stay for the night because he knew it was the home of devils? There is such an islet and I have heard the loons scream over it under the moon, a very different note from their mocking laugh in the early morning. Have you lain under the pines in the snow and watched the great Northern Lights, shaking and shimmering across the sky? It is thus that the prairie takes you and possesses you, so that you will never again be quite the same man as you were before, even if you come of the Island race, and have salt water 'round your heart,' as the Bretons claim to have.

One day, a few years before the war, I was walking with a friend across St. James's Park. We had been in London for over twelve months, but we had lived and hunted together in Canada for years before that. I don't know what we were talking about, when, quite suddenly, there arose a tremendous racket among the wild-fowl in the ornamental waters that derive originally, I am told, from the Serpentine.

In an instant we were both back in one of the great Northern lakes—in a canoe, before daybreak; listening to the quacking and gabbling of the ducks, and the thrash of a rising mallard, heard but not seen, in the morning mist. We turned and looked at each other, and then the other man said in a half whisper 'Doesn't it pinch your heart?' That is how the prairie takes you—and won't let go.

You must not look for joy on the prairie. Exhilaration you may find; on a cool summer evening, when your horse is galloping smoothly under you, and there is nothing between you and the skyline save grass, and flowers, and a few trees. Or in the early

morning in the fall, when you tumble out of the buckboard and fill your cartridge bag while the setters are barking gleefully, and the prairie-chicken calling in the stubble.

But the goddess herself you must seek elsewhere. The prairie is too remote; you cannot be haunted by the sense of something lost behind the ranges when the ranges themselves are lost. The waterways are not so daunting; you may shoot down the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan, in and out among jagged teeth of rocks ringed round with fetters of white foam, and over and round smooth turtle-backs of beryl and chalcedony. You are walled in by steep granite cliffs and your pilots are a couple of Indians who know not a word of English. But still you can grasp the fact that the water beneath you started a thousand miles back in the Rocky Mountains, and is hurrying down to Lake Winnipeg, thence to speed on down the four hundred miles of the Nelson River to Hudson's Bay, and thence to the Atlantic and 'the other side.'

But when you are lying on your back at night in mid-prairie, there is nothing, nothing nearer to you than the brilliance, 'fugitive, faint, and far,' of the star of your God Rephan.

Across the Rockies things are different. You may not see the Dryads, but, if you are lucky, you will feel their kisses brush your face in the breath of a zephyr under green columnar trees, whose boughs drop long skeins of verdant moss on the sun-dappled floor of some Western island at the edge of the Pacific.

There are the footfalls of printless feet and the sense of invisible presences which Rupert Brooke holds necessary to satisfy the hunger of a European heart. But in the great savannahs of the North-West one's mind turns inevitably, like the compass, to the North, and the vast white solitude never trodden by the foot of man. If there are ghosts there, they must be lost beyond hope and beyond pity.

'Even an Irishman would not see a row of little men in green caps lopping along beneath the fireweed and the golden daisies; nor have the subtler fairies of England found these wilds,' says Rupert Brooke. That, again, is a sweeping statement. Where the Irish fairies are now I know not. They were not driven out by the Reformation, like their English cousins, but I fear that few humans in their country to-day are looking for them with any hope of finding them. I know, however, where I should look for the descendants of the fairies and elves of Oberon and Titania, who crept into acorn cups, for fear, and hid them there, while

their queen slept among the wild thyme, under canopies of woodbine and musk roses and eglantine.

For them you must go to the Laurentians, the oldest mountains in the world. Think of the weltering chaos of molten lava and cloud and flame, through which they heaved their mighty shoulders at the beginning of things! The wildest winter storms that rage round the naked peaks of the young athletic Rockies—who pierce the clouds and stare defiance at the sun—must be summer zephyrs to the convulsive throes of a world that was trying to cool into solidity before the earth was, or the sea. But to-day the Laurentians are too tired to care, and are content to sleep in rounded curves and gentle slopes, waiting for the end.

There is an old portage trail in the hinterland of Lower Quebec. It connects two hunting camps about a dozen miles apart, a long corridor running through the pines between two ranges of rolling hills. For a hundred yards you will walk along sand like the sand on the sea shore, then comes a stretch of rich black soil which will pull the shoe off a horse's foot. Afterwards the path climbs a little, in and out among huge boulders, pinching in between trees you can scarcely squeeze through, so that you say things, if you happen to be heavily loaded.

Then suddenly you come on a wooden railroad, built of pine logs laid side by side; on the top of which are two parallel lines of longer saplings, like the steel rails over which the train runs. When the bark has peeled off the saplings they are as slippery as ice underfoot, and it is better to skirt alongside them, if you are walking.

Often, right in the middle of the trail, a little rootlet, three or four feet long, will arch about two or three inches from the ground and then burrow again. These are as tough as wire, and serve to catch your toe and trip you when you are nursing your rifle in your hand and carrying a pack on your shoulders.

Here and there you emerge on to rough but beautiful little bridges, over which you lean and gaze straight down at amber stones, half-draped in clinging dark-green moss, seen in the sunlight through clear brown water. Tiny troutlets hang half-way between boulders and surface, nearly invisible—being somewhat the same colour as the water and semi-transparent—and comically unconscious of the fact that a very black little silhouette on the stones below is faithfully copying every tail-flick.

Above your head a tall silver-grey heron flaps on lazy wings;

squawks in resentment because you are disturbing his fishing, and drops heavily round the nearest corner to try another pool. Down the stream a kingfisher perches sedately on a dead stump, while her mate is performing a series of wild gyrations in the air, taking occasional headers with a mighty splash, possibly to catch fish, possibly just to show off. At high noon the cross wrinkles caused by the light breeze are outflung like a fishing-net with meshes of gold, drawn swiftly along a few inches below the surface of the water.

Occasionally, among the long ranges of pine-clad hills on either side, a castellated mountain stands by itself which, like many of the beetling cliffs in northern Italy, manages to suggest the idea that it is crowned with solid masonry. Suddenly a deep, thunderous roar from behind you swells louder and louder and then sweeps by and dies away in the distance. You look up, expecting to see the pines smitten by a tornado, and you wonder whether there has been a landslide, or an avalanche, although there is no snow. A few minutes later your ears catch a very faint report, and then again comes the crash of drums charging past overhead, and again silence. It is only one of your party shooting at something, with a not very heavy rifle, some two miles down the valley.

Wait for them to come up. It is rather like a scene in a pantomime. First you see, a long way back on the trail, what looks like three small boys who have made unto themselves cocked hats, about four times their own length, inside which they have hidden themselves to the knees, and beneath which you can just see their legs moving. As they draw nearer the cocked hats resolve themselves into canoes, and the legs are the legs of men in moccasins. When they come closer they tilt the canoes back to speak to you and convert themselves into ridiculous two-legged sentry-boxes—for one must never let the canoe drag on the ground—and they look more like a pantomime illusion than ever. As they pass on they nod the bows of their canoes at you in friendly fashion, and are followed by a long line of porters in single-file, carrying packs on their backs, fastened by a broad strap round their foreheads.

Behind them, though it is still late summer, follow three horse-drawn sleighs, real *traîneaux d'hiver* as the Quebec guides call them, heaped high with wooden boxes, tight-rolled tents and bedding, gun-cases, stoves and other camping outfit. Then you see what the wooden railways are for, because nothing on wheels could travel along that road, while the sleighs can, be it summer or winter.

It was on this trail that I came suddenly one day on a lynx, drinking from a runlet of water just beneath me. He was so close that I could almost have touched him with a stick, and I stiffened at once, and stood there, watching him. At the first glance I had taken him for a big dog, till I remembered that we had no dog in camp, and that no dog ever flattened himself down to the ground in quite the same way as did this animal.

I had no camera and no gun, though I would not have used the latter, and he was too thirsty to pay any attention to me. At last I was guilty of an unpardonable breach of etiquette, at which I blush now when I think of it. My only excuse is that I was in a hurry to get back, and that he lay right across the trail. So I raised my hand to my ear and gave him a view holloa. He leapt backwards and sideways like an uncoiled spring, and then stood and glared at me with an expression I shall never forget. He was furious; he was scared; and he was steeped to his back-curved lips with contempt for the kind of boor who would disturb a gentleman in the act of drinking. Somehow he looked so human that I set a climax to my rudeness by laughing aloud. Then he turned round and cantered off for a few strides, and stopped and looked back, and relaxed into a trot and loafed across the open to the woods beyond, pausing every now and then to glance over his shoulder and sneer his disdain.

I related the incident, when I got back to camp, to my guide, who was much interested, and, when I reached the dénouement, chuckled gleefully and said—with his inherited French politeness—‘*Ah, il ne savait pas qu’il avait un Monsieur si près de lui.*’

Off the trail the soil is poached with caribou tracks and the deeper cup depression left by a passing moose.

But I have not brought you here to hunt moose or caribou. It was just off the old pack trail that I discovered the fairy gardens. A squirrel first drew my attention to them, one morning as I was sitting on a granite boulder under a thin ragged sapling, on a branch of which he was dancing up and down and chattering abuse and invective in language that would make a goblin blush. This roused my suspicions and I began looking closely round to see what on earth was the matter. There was another boulder close by me, apparently coated with greenish-grey moss, till you caught the sun glint on it at the proper angle. Then you found that it was not green-grey moss at all, but a carpet of flowers of all the colours of the rainbow. There were close-cropped lawns on it, formal in shape but vivid

in hue, and beds of scarlet and pale yellow, and tall white lilies flaming into saffron—when you looked at them very close—like altar candles. When he saw I had discovered the secret, the squirrel nearly jumped off the bough in his excitement.

By and by I moved on and left the trail altogether and stumbled quite accidentally upon a long dried up water-course, like a miniature canyon, varying in width from a couple of feet to a couple of yards. There were little boulders lining its banks and they were covered with mosses of colours such as I never saw except in a soap bubble. There were burnished browns, and delicate vaporous pinks, and thin translucent gold, and shouting scarlets, and the white of new snow, each trying to out-blaze the other, and you could see at a glance that this was the only place where a fairy's wings could merge into their surroundings and hide themselves from mortal view.

Ernest Seton Thompson once showed me some coloured photographs of these mosses which he had found in Labrador, and he said he had never seen them elsewhere, and had never imagined anything more lovely. But I know where they are hidden away in the wilds of Quebec.

Of course the fairies are there. Doubtless Rupert Brooke is right when he says that it has never paid a steamship company, or a railway company, to arrange for their immigration. What do they want with ships and trains when they can nestle in the down on the breast of the wild swans, and the waveys, and the Canada geese, and be carried triumphantly aloft, backwards and forwards, with the summer? Some, I am pretty sure, remain here all the winter. The Tylwyth Teg, and the Gwragedd Annwn, the 'Fair Family,' and the 'Dames of the Underworld,' from Wales, know where to find underground and submarine palaces that are proof against the cold, and once in a while they can venture out and dance with the snowflakes.

There may have been fairies once in the Thousand Islands, but they have been crowded out by American millionaires, who have bought the islets up and built imitation castles on them. Still, there are thirty or forty thousand more in Georgian Bay on the eastern side of Lake Huron, flung there broadcast, as though some petulant goddess from Olympus had emptied her jewel case in a fit of spleen. And in Lower Quebec there are more lakelets than have ever been counted, sparkling green in the sunlight at early dawn when the loons begin to laugh; and fretted with

wrinkles of red and gold at sunset, when the canoe steals noiselessly round the bend and a startled beaver sounds an alarm with a slap of his tail that echoes like a pistol-shot.

Ghosts there are few, and they are not exactly friendly. The wendigo is too closely related to the werewolf to be a desirable companion, even for a white man. There are ghosts of dead Indian lovers—in the Qu'Appelle valley, for instance—in spite of statements to the contrary, but if you want to see a company of knights and ladies, riding breast-high in the bracken, you must go to the Old World, to Caerleon-upon-Usk, and look across the river; or to Amesbury wold at dusk, where you may see Celtic chiefs and Druid priests, or it may be (in the grey autumn weather),

‘Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.’

Our history here is too recent. It is only a few years ago that the astrolabe lost by Champlain, at the two hundred yard portage of the Chats Falls on the Ottawa River, was recovered by a man who may be alive to-day for all I know. All that, to us, is as old as the Crusades—just as the Americans flock to Quebec and go into ecstasies over the narrow little streets in the Lower Town, which to the Breton fishermen are of yesterday. But, away from the cities you are back with Nature, and Pan is ageless.

The prairie cities pass with a bound from a graceless but picturesque infancy to an ugly, unpicturesque adolescence. Somehow, where her cities are concerned, Canada seems to have put her finest goods in the shop window, so to speak, like a storekeeper on Broadway. The entrances to, and the exits from, the Dominion are superb. It is wiser not to talk about fogs in Halifax, though the elevator boy at the hotel, who was born within ear-shot of Bow Bells, sniffs contemptuously, and remarks that ‘twenty-four hours of London particular would strangle these people over here.’ Dim wraiths are bodied forth out of the mist and then melt again into invisibility, and there are long shuddering hoots from the great liners, and panic-stricken screams from furious little steam-tugs and lighters necklaced with well-chafed fenders. The magic and mystery of the half-diaphanous curtain makes the harbour beautiful with a glamour which you miss altogether on a clear day, when from the citadel you can look far over the fortifications to the ocean beyond.

For the blues of the Mediterranean you must go to the salt-water lagoons that lap the red beaches and low sandstone cliffs near Charlottetown. Quebec you should see from the water, as you steam up to the steep cliff of Cape Diamond, with the Family flag flying on the Citadel, and the blue Laurentians and rippling white ribbon of the Montmorency Falls behind you. To match that you must cross the Dominion to Vancouver, where the two great couchant lions on the summit of the Cascades stare with unsleeping eyes at the Pacific, on the distal edge of the continent where the East is west and the West is east. Or Victoria, where you will find English parks, and snow-clad Alps whose feet are washed by the sea breakers; where you may stand under the oaks and look across the Gulf of Georgia at the silver peak of Mount Baker hanging bell-like in the distance.

Yes, I wish that Rupert Brooke had stayed a little longer, and still more that he were alive to-day to come again. For see what he could do when he liked :

‘The Lake (Ontario) was a terrible dead silver colour, the gleam of its surface shot with flecks of blue and a vapoury enamel-green. It was like a gigantic silver shield. Its glint was inexplicably sinister and dead, *like the glint on glasses worn by a blind man.*’

That last simile is admirable. I have seen days on the great Northern lakes that were just like that; and veiled days when, from the steamer deck, the lake was a shield of gun-metal, and every scattered raindrop on its surface starred it with polished silver.

G. W. Stevens once remarked that no one could ever describe in words the green of that wonderful chord at the head of the Niagara Falls, and he is probably right. Says Brooke :

‘As they turn to the sheer descent, the white and blue and slate colour in the heart of the Canadian Falls at least, blend into a rich, wonderful, luminous green.’

To me, the green is that of an unripe emerald. But then, how do I know what an unripe emerald looks like to other people ?

C. HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

'THIEVIE.'

THE side street of the Angus town was as grey a thing as could be seen even on this grey day of young October. The houses, thick-walled, small-windowed, sturdily uniform and old-fashioned, contemplated the soaking cobble-stones and the 'causeys' which ran like rivers on either side; the complacent eyes of their dark windows, made yet darker by the potted geraniums whose smouldering red gave no liveliness to a reeking world, stared out, endlessly aloof, upon the discomfort of the occasional passer by. Under their breath they seemed to be chorusing unanimously the words of St. Paul and saying 'None of these things move me.' The dried haddocks, which usually hung on their wooden 'hakes' nailed to the walls, had been taken in, as had the small children whose natural playground was the pavement; chalk-marks made by schoolboys in their various evening games had been obliterated from the flags. Newbiggin Street was a featureless place given over to the sulky elements.

All night it had rained steadily, for with evening the fitful drizzle of the day before had settled down to business. The woman who stood framed in the only open doorway of the street looked up and down, frowning; she was a thickset, bony woman, one of those who, unremarkable in feature, are yet remarkable in presence, and though in daily life she made no bid for attractiveness, it was because she did not happen to know where, or in what, attraction lay. Her eyes were steady, and full, at times, of a purposeful, though not alluring light. Her hair was dark and thick, her skin sallow, and her head well carried. She was dressed tidily, in stout, ill-fitting clothes, in strong contrast to which she wore a cheap, new hat with a crude blue flower; this was a recognition of the occasion, for she had walked yesterday from her home, five miles away, with her bundle in her hand, to see an aunt whose voice could now be heard in conversation behind her. She was not paying the smallest attention to the old woman's talk; her return journey was before her and the prospect did not please her.

A lad came up the street with his hands in his pockets and his head ducked into his collar under the downpour.

'Bad weather,' she observed, as he passed the doorstep.

'Bad weather!' he exclaimed, with a half contemptuous laugh, 'wumman, hae ye seen the river?'

Her face changed. She stood hesitating, staring; then, without a word to the unseen aunt within, she gathered up her bundle and stepped out.

Soon she was in the movement of the main street, which declined in a steep hill to the lower levels; there were many others making in the same direction, and as she went along she could hear, above the noise of wheels and footsteps, a steady roaring. Not a breath of wind was stirring to make the sound fluctuate and the even relentlessness of it awed her a little. She crossed the way that lay at right angles at the bottom of the street and stood looking down over the iron-railed wall which held up the road at the river side. The grey, moving mass that slipped by was almost up to the railings.

Beyond her, and all along the row of houses, the people were gathered to watch the rising water. The doors of the one-storeyed dwellings were choked with furniture that was being lugged out and carried away. Chairs, tubs, tables, birds in cages appeared and disappeared up the hill; women screamed angrily to venture-some children whose curiosity had lured them from their skirts, frightened infants cried, men pushed about laden with cooking-pots and bedding; boys shouted to each other, running about in the crowd, the thud of their bare feet lost in the changeless, covetous voice that rose from between the banks. A blind man was being led towards the rise of the hill; he too was playing his part, for he carried a 'wag-at-the-wa' clock with a gaudily painted face clasped in his arms. She paused a few minutes to look up and down the torrent and then struck away from the crowd, seeking through the outlying streets for her straightest line home.

Janet Robb's life had been much concerned with the elements. The house for which she was making at her steady, uncompromising tramp was a waterside cottage just above the spot where the river wound into a lake-like estuary on its way to the North Sea. Here she was born, here she had lived out her thirty-four years, for her father had been ferryman until the building of a new bridge a short distance up-stream had shovelled his trade into the limbo of outworn necessities. She had kept house in it almost ever since she could remember; for her mother, who had been an invalid, died when her girl was thirteen, and the ferryman, in spite of the prophecies of his neighbours, did not marry again. Women had no

attraction for him, and the need for a housekeeper, which, more than any other cause, drives middle-aged men into matrimony, did not exist while he had a daughter like Janet, so well able and well accustomed to grapple with domestic needs. She was a hardy woman now, close-fisted and shrewd. She had been an invaluable help, both in the house and out of it; the two had worked the ferry between them, for the river was not wide and the traffic was small. Carts and horses had to go round to a point about a mile westward and only foot passengers on their way to the town troubled that part of the shore; when her father was out she could leave her house-work to put them across to the further bank without much interruption to it.

The ferryman was not an inspiring acquaintance. Though he belonged, in company with publicans, barbers and blacksmiths, to a trade eminently social in its opportunities, he cared nothing for that part of it. He could put over a boatful of people without addressing a word to any of them and with scarcely an answer to any man enterprising enough to attack his silence. He was not popular, and, as those who give nothing of their mind to the world must perforce submit to the gaps they create being filled up according to the taste of their neighbours, a whole crop of tales sprang up at the waterside like so much duckweed. He was a secret drinker; he was worth ten thousand pounds; he kept a woman in the town whom he ill-treated—had she not been seen with her head bandaged, crying ill names after him on the public road?—he starved his daughter; she starved him—all these whisperings surrounded his unconscious head. He was a spare man, smaller in build than Janet, lined and clean shaven. Besides his recognised business he had a cart and an old horse, by means of which he did a little carrying, going townwards three times a week, while she took sole charge of the boat; and though nobody outside the cottage knew anything about it, he received substantial help from a son who had left home early and was making a good income in Canada. While the neighbours went wide of the mark in most of the rumours they set afloat about him, one of these had a fragile foundation of truth. Davie Robb kept no woman and cared as little for drink as he did for company; there was only one thing that he cared about at all, and that lay in a box under his bed. The contents of this box did not amount to ten thousand pounds but they went into several hundreds. They were his soul, his life. Waking, he thought of them, and sleeping, they were not

far from his dreams ; when he opened the lid to add to the hoard he counted and re-counted them, running up the figures on paper. It mattered not to him that he knew them by heart ; he would roll them about in his brain as a child rolls a sweet about in its mouth.

Not even Janet knew the amount of these savings, though she made many guesses and was, perhaps, not far from the truth. The box was never spoken of between father and daughter. It was the ferryman's god, and in one sense it had the same place in that household as God has in most others. It was never mentioned, even when taken for granted. In another sense, its place was different ; for it was continually in the minds of both.

Janet thrust along the road, leaving the country town quickly behind her, urged on by strong necessity. Her father was now permanently disabled, for some years almost crippled by rheumatism. He was an old man, shrunken and very helpless. The cottage was two-storeyed, and its upper floor was approached by an outside staircase running up at the gable end. There was a stair inside too, which had been added later because of the occasional spates in the river, to allow the inmates to move to the upper room without opening the door when water surrounded the walls. Old Robb slept upstairs and was just able to get down by himself, though he could never manage to get up again without assistance, and yesterday, before leaving home, Janet had arranged with a boy who lived up-stream near the new bridge that he should come in the evening to convey the old man to his bedroom. The lad had consented reluctantly, for, to the young, there was something uncanny about 'Auld Thievie.' Scottish people are addicted—perhaps more than any others—to nicknames, and the ferryman's surname, combined with his late extortions as a carrier, had earned him the title by which he was known for some miles round. Nobody liked Thievie.

Not even Janet. It was scarcely affection that was hastening her. Perhaps it was duty, perhaps custom. Something was menaced for which she was responsible. That, with capable people, is generally all that is wanted in the way of a key to wind them up and set them going. The rain had stopped and she put down her dripping umbrella. The blue flower in her unsuitable hat had lost its backbone in the reeking damp and flagged, a large, limp thing ; there was a fine powdering of wet on her thick eyebrows

and the harsh twist of hair at the back of her head. Mist was pouring in from the sea, the wind having sat in the south-east—the wet quarter on the east coast—for three days, and though it had dropped like lead with last night's tide, the 'haar' was coming miles inland as though some huge, unseen engine out seaward were puffing its damp breath across the fields. The cultivated slopes of the Sidlaws, a mile on her right, diminishing in height as they neared the mouth of the estuary, were hidden. The Grampians, ten miles away on her left, were hidden too; that quarter of the horizon where, on ordinary days, they raised their blue and purple wall, being a mere blank. The river whose infancy they cradled had burst from them angrily, like a disobedient child from its parents, and was tearing along, mad with lust of destruction, to the sea.

When she was some way out of the town a figure emerged from the vapour ahead, growing familiar as the two wayfarers neared each other. Her expression lightened a little as she recognised the advancing man. He was smiling too.

'Hey, Janet!' he cried, 'I was wind'rin what-like daft wife was oot on sic a day.'

His face was red and moist with the mist.

'I've been at Newbiggin Street. I'm jist awa' hame,' said she.

He was a connexion of the Robb family, so her words conveyed something to him. •

'And foo's Auntie?' he enquired.

'Well eneuch—but I maun awa' back. There's an awfae spate, ye ken.'

'Tuts, bide you a minute. I haena seen ye this twa weeks syne.'

She made no move to go on. Willie Black had a different place in her mind from anyone else. It was not easy to deflect Janet Robb from her way, but she would do more for this man, a little younger than herself and infinitely her inferior in will, than she would for any other person. He was the only male living being who approached her from the more easy and lighter standpoint from which such men as she knew approached girls, and their quasi-relationship had brought them into a familiarity which she enjoyed. He was one of those who looked on women in a general way with a kind of jocose patronage, always implied and often expressed. He meant no harm by this manner, it was natural to him, and he was not nearly so bold a character as his attitude would suggest. Janet was so much unlike the other

women he knew that he would have thought it right to assume superiority even had he, in her case, not felt it. She attracted him, not through his heart and certainly not through his senses, but as a curiosity to be explored in a mildly comic spirit. He knew, too, that Thievie was well off; for once, in a moment of confidence, Janet had hinted at her father's savings, and Black felt vaguely, but insistently, that in the fulness of time he would be wise to propose to her. The day was distant yet, but meanwhile he sought opportunities of considering her and discovering how far she would be endurable as a wife.

Janet fidgeted from one foot to the other. By one half of herself she was urged to continue her way, the other half was impelled to stay by the invitation in his eyes. She did not know for how much this counted, so great was her ignorance of the amenities of men. Black was the only man who had ever come nearer to her life than the baker's cartman from whom she took the bread at her door or the cadger from whom she bought the fish. She had a great longing to be like other women, a factor in the male world. She was too busy to brood over the subject, and had inherited too much of her father's love of money-making to be deeply affected by any other idea. But when she was with Black she was conscious of all she lacked and was lured beyond measure by her perception of his attitude. It suggested that she took rank with the rest of her sex.

'I'll need awa', she began, 'feyther's himsel' i' the hoose. There's an awfae water comin' doon an' he canna win up the stair his lane. I maun hae tae gang on.'

'I didna ken ye thocht sic a deal o' Thievie. Ye micht think o' me a bittie,' he added, with knowing reproachfulness.

She looked away from him into the blankness of the mist. 'Heuch—you!' she exclaimed.

'He's an auld, done crater. Ye could dae weel wantin' him.'

'Haud yer tongue!' she cried, actuated purely by a sense of what was fitting.

'Weel, what's the advantage o' him sittin' yonder an' a' that money jist nae use ava' tae'm—an' nae use tae ony ither body?'

She made no reply. There is something silencing in hearing another person voice an idea one believes to be one's own private property.

'Ye'd be a real fine lass wi' yon at yer back,' he continued;

'it's a fair shame ye should be dancin' after the like o' yon auld deil when ye micht be daein' sae muckle better.'

She withdrew her gaze from the mist and met his eyes.

'What wad I be daein' better?' she enquired, rather fiercely.

He gave a sort of crowing laugh.

'What wad ye be daein'? Gie's a kiss, Janet, an' maybe I'll tell ye.'

Before she had time to think he had flung his arm about her and the roughness of his dripping moustache was on her lips.

She thrust him from her with all her very considerable strength. He laughed again.

It was the first time that a man had ever attempted such a thing and her heart almost stopped. She was torn between wrath and a thrilling, overmastering sense of something achieved. She stood panting, her bundle fallen into the mud. Then she snatched it and dashed forward into the greyness. It took but a moment to swallow up her figure, but he stayed where he was, staring, his smiling mouth half open. She could hear his jesting voice calling after her as she went. When she had gone a little distance she paused, listening to discover whether he was following; but there was no sound of footsteps.

She hurried on, though she had ceased to think of her goal. Her thoughts drove her, rushing and tumbling like birds with beating wings, crowding and jostling and crying in her ears. Black's words had let them loose, stirring her as much as his action. Yes, it was quite true. She was tied, as she had been all her life, to her father and his box. She drudged for him, year in, year out, and got nothing by it, while he clung like an old dog in the manger to the thing he would neither use nor share. She would be a wife worth having for any man with the contents of that box to start housekeeping on! Willie Black would realise that. She remembered her years at the ferry in fair weather and foul, the picking and scraping she had done and suffered in the house, that the hoarding might go on that was to do no good to anyone. There had never been any love lost between herself and Thieve, and though he was her father she had long known that she hated him. Yes, she hated him. She had no fear of work and had taken it as a normal condition, but it had come between her and all that was worth having; the toil that had been a man's toil, not a woman's, had built a barrier round her to cut her off from

a woman's life. All this had lurked, unrecognised, in her mind, but now it had leaped up, aroused by a man's careless, familiar horse-play.

Her breath came quick as she thought of her own meagre stake in the world. She knew herself for some kind of a power, and that was awaking the dormant realisation of her slavery, all the more bitter for its long sleep. She pushed back her hat and the drops came tumbling to her shoulder from the draggled blue flower, now a flower in name only, a sodden streak of blackened colour. She found herself shaking all over and she longed to sit down, but the milestone, which had often served her for a seat on her walks to and from the town, was a good way on.

The roadside landmarks were growing a little clearer. It was almost noon and the flash of false brightness which that hour will often bring hovered somewhere in the veiled sky. She heard the ring of a hammer coming muffled from the smithy ahead and pushed on, thinking to sit a little in some corner behind the ploughs and harrows. She was unnerved by the tumult in her; anger and self-pity were undermining her self-control; she was a self-controlled woman, and the agony of disorganised feeling was, in consequence, all the worse. It seemed that she had never been aware of the large injustices of life till now. Her difficulties had been small, physical ones, and she had known how to scatter them with a high hand; but these new ones pressed round her like a troop of sturdy, truculent beggars, clamouring and menacing. Another woman might have wept, but she only suffered.

She reached the smithy door and looked in. The smith was at his anvil, holding a red-hot horseshoe with the tongs. The blowing had ceased and in the dimness of the long shed a pair of huge, patient Clydesdales were in process of being shod. A young 'horseman' was standing by, his hands in his pockets, watching the sputter of flaming sparks that rose with each blow and flew here and there. The hot scent of horses and leather and scorching hoof seemed one with the rich browns and warm shadows that hang about smithy fires. Behind the mysterious limbs of the bellows the elf-like face of the smith's 'prentice-lad peered at Janet, though both the men's interest in the matter in hand made them unaware of the woman who slipped noiselessly in.

She laid her bundle down behind a cart that stood jacked up, with a wheel off, amid a medley of implements, and sat down, concealed by the litter, in a cobwebby corner of the long building.

The hammering stopped and one of the carthorses shifted its feet and blew a shattering sigh into the rafters; the horseman gave one of those sudden expostulatory cries that his profession addresses to its charges, and all was still again. The smith threw down his hammer and left the shoe to cool a little.

'They'll be haein' a bad time doon at the hooses yonder,' said he, nodding his head backwards in the direction of the low ground.

'Aye, coorse,' said the horseman.

'I wad believe that,' continued the smith, whose noisy trade gave him less opportunity than he liked of hearing his own voice, 'I mind weel eneuch when we got a terrible-like spate—saxteen year syne, come Martinmas. I was doon aboot Pairthshire way then, an' I wasna lang merriet, an' the wife was that ta'en up aboot it. She was frae the toon, ye understan', an' she didna like tae see the swine and the sheep jist rowin' past i' the water. Ah weel, ye see, we'll jist hae tae dae oor best.'

'Aye,' said the horseman.

'There'll be big losses. Aye, weel, weel, we canna control the weather, ye see.'

'Na,' said the horseman.

'An' I doot auld Thieve doon at the ferry 'll be swampit. Aye, ye see, ye canna tell when yer time's tae come.'

'The auld scabbit craw,' said the horseman.

The smith took up his tools, and approaching one of the horses, laid hold of an enormous hind foot and began, strenuously, to pare the hoof. The beast looked round with an all-embracing toleration. The horseman spat.

Janet sat still, trying to quell the storm within her and to think connectedly. There had been no need for the blacksmith's words to bring her father's plight before her. In all likelihood the riverside cottage was already surrounded, and the fact that the few neighbours were well aware that none knew better than she how to handle oars might easily make them slow to bestir themselves on Thieve's behalf. The old ferry-boat, still seaworthy, lay in its shed some way up the bank, ready for the occasional use to which it was put; and no one but the little boy who had been in to help the old man on the preceding night knew that Janet was absent; and the boy was probably at school.

Even now her freedom might be coming to her on the rising spate! She shivered, chilled after her excitement and her transit from hot heartburning to the cold horror upon which, with the inward

eye, she looked. Thievie could not get up the ladder-like stair—not even with the gurgling, compelling water behind him—without a helping hand. It was years since he had even been willing to try. Perhaps she had only to stay where she was and to take what gift this day might bring! Her hands were shaking though she had clasped them tightly in her lap, and she set her teeth, almost fearing that their chattering would betray her to the smith and his taciturn companion. Of what use was that old withering life by the riverside to itself or to any other living thing? It was as dead, already, as the dead money in the box below the bed. But the money would be dead no longer. It should come to life in her hands. Willie Black would not think it dead. She would wait where she was. The smith might go to his dinner when the shoeing was done, but the smithy door stood always open and she would sit, unmolested, till such time as she judged . . .

Her thoughts stopped there and she closed her eyes, leaning her head against the wall.

She could not hang about the road in such weather, waiting. She had not the courage to do that, for fear of drawing attention and making her neighbours ask inconvenient questions . . . afterwards. Though she assured herself that no one would guess, or be sufficiently interested to try to guess, what was causing her to loiter, her nerves would not allow her to face so much as an innocent stranger. She wished the lad behind the bellows had not peered at her in that way. Suppose he should tell the smith—but anything was better than the public road! She tried to force herself into composure.

All at once a loud voice sounded at the door. She opened her eyes and recognised a local carrier through her screen of lumber. He took off the sack which enveloped him and shook it till the drops flew.

'No muckle daein' the day,' he began. 'Dod_aye, the water that's oot! Whiles I couldna get forrit.'

The smith looked up from the hairy foot gripped between his knees.

'Queer times, queer times,' he said. 'Weel, we canna change it, ye see.'

'How's a' wi' you, Ake?' said the carrier, turning to the horseman.

'Whoa. S-ss-ss!' cried the latter, for the horse, feeling the smith's movement, tried to release its foot.

'I was thinkin' Thievie wad be drooned,' continued the carrier, grinning from ear to ear and remembering the days when they had been rivals on the road.

'An' is he no?' enquired the horseman, roused to interest at last.

'No him. I'm tae hae a word wi' some o' they folk by the brig. I saw the river-watcher's boat gaein' oot nae lang aifter it was licht, an' I cried on him, whaur was he gaein'?' Dod, when he tell't me he was awa' tae seek Thievie I was fair anger't. Let him be, I says, wad ye cast awa' the Lord's maircies yon way? But there's the auld thrawn stock safe an' soond, and folk lossin their guid cocks an' hens. Fie!'

The horseman gave a loud shout of laughter and relapsed immediately into gravity.

'Aye, the ways o' Providence,' observed the smith.

'Weel, I maun be movin',' said the carrier. 'Thievie'll be on the parish yet. There's mair water tae come doon frae the hills afore it's finished. There'll be naething left i' thae sma' hoosies on the bank. A'thing 'll jist gang traivelin' tae the sea. There was naebody believed it was tae be sae bad the morn, airly, when I was doon by the auld ferry, but lord! they tell't me an hour syne that there's no been onything like it this aichty year past. An' the tide's comin' in, ye ken.'

He called the last sentence over his shoulder as he turned from the door.

Janet had all but cried out aloud during the carrier's speech. Her father was gone—sitting safe now under some friendly roof above the reach of the insurgent river.

But it was not the thought of this which overwhelmed her. She knew from long experience that there was hardly anything he would not do to prevent anyone, even herself, from seeing his precious box, and she could swear that he would never consent to expose it to a strange human eye while there was the smallest possibility of keeping it hidden. At that hour, soon after daybreak, when the carrier had seen the boat go for him, the torrential rain which was to follow had not yet turned the ordinary spate into something unknown for over half a century. That being so, it was plain to her that, sooner than disclose the box to his rescuer, Thievie would leave it in what had been, at other spate-times, the perfect security of the upper storey. So completely was she convinced of this that she would have staked everything she had

on it. But she had nothing; and all that she had a prospect of having was surely lying in the rickety upper room waiting for the abnormal torrent to wreck the little house and carry its precious contents to the fathomless recesses of the sea.

She sprang up, the frantic idea banishing all else; and she had dashed boldly out of the smithy under the astonished gaze of the two men before it struck her with measureless relief that she had now nothing to fear from the most suspicious eye. Her father was safe; her secret design frustrated by the river-watcher; the reason for anything she did was of interest to no one. She saw now how futile her fears had been; the outcome of disorganised nerves. Conscience had almost made her believe that she carried her thoughts outside her body, like her clothes.

At last, breathless, the perspiration on her face mingled with the wet, she reached the diverging road that led to the river, and as she turned into it the mist began to lift. It grew brighter behind the cloud-wrappings that swathed the world. She stopped, listening for the river's voice. The noonday gleam had strengthened and she came suddenly out of a belt of vapour into comparative clearness and saw the submerged levels lying some little way before her. The broken water above them was all that told her where the banks were, and here and there she could recognise certain tall clumps of alder above the swirl. She redoubled her pace till, at the spot in the road from which Thievie's cottage might be seen, she noted with rising hope that the flood had not yet reached the tops of the ground-floor windows. The outside stair was still practicable.

At the water's edge, at the nearest spot to the little house, she stood still. She had hung her bundle and her umbrella on a stout thorn tree growing on a knoll by the wayside. She would need both hands for what she was going to do. The boat-shed was safe, but she would have to wade almost to the knees to reach it. She drew up her skirts and walked into the chilly water.

She felt its steady push against her legs and her riverside knowledge told her that the tide at the estuary's mouth had turned and was coming in. It was thrusting the overflow out from the banks on either side and the area of dry fields was diminishing. She looked up apprehensively, for the gleam of brightness had paled in the last few minutes and she dreaded lest the mist should close in again before her task was done.

At last she reached the shed. The oars were afloat inside,

kept from sailing away by the pressure of the incoming tide on the flood-water. She waded through the doorway and mounted, hampered by the weight of her soaking boots, on a projecting wooden ledge; then as she clung to an iron hook in the wall, she stretched out her foot and drawing the old craft towards her, stepped in. When she had secured the oars she loosed the painter from its ring and guided herself out between the narrow walls.

It was easy work rowing, in spite of the slight current against her. The boat was not a heavy one, and only meant to carry a few people at a time across fifty yards of water. She rowed as fast as she could, for the damp vapour was drifting in again and the sun's face, which had looked like a new shilling above her, had now withdrawn itself, leaving only a blurred nebulous spot in its place. Pulling across the shallows on the skirts of the spate, she refused to picture what might happen should she find, on emerging from the cottage with the box, that all landmarks were lost in the mist. Her only guide would then be the sound of that menacing rush from which it would take all the strength of her arms to keep clear.

When the boat's nose bumped against the outside stair she made the painter fast to the railings and stood up, wringing the water from her petticoats. As she clambered out and ascended to the stairhead, small streams trickled down the stone steps from her boots. The door of the upper room was locked inside, but she was not much perturbed by this, having expected it, and moreover she knew the old crazy wood could not stand much rough usage. Its thin boards were gaping inside and had been pasted up with brown paper by her own hands. She drew back to the outer edge of the stairhead and flung her whole weight against them. The door cracked loudly, and though the lock held she saw that another couple of blows would split it at one of its many weak places. Again and again she barged into it and at last the wood parted in a long vertical break. She was down the steps in a moment and dragging one of the short stout oars from the boat. She stood on the stairhead looking round. She could still see the boathouse, a dark blurr, no more, but from the south-east there came a splash of rain. She struck the door with the butt end of the oar, once, twice. It gave suddenly, almost precipitating her into the room. She recovered her balance and then, with the boatman's prudence which never left her, carried her weapon down and threw it back into its place.

In another minute she had thrust her way in and was face to face with her father.

Thievie was sitting crouched under the tiny window with his box in his arms. His nostrils were dilated, his eyes looked as though he would strike, though his hand was still. He had sat listening to the bumping of the boat below and the blows that burst in the rotten door; humanity seemed to have gone from him, leaving in its place the fierce, agonised watchfulness of some helpless, murderous thing, some broken-backed viper. His eyes fixed Janet, unrecognising. Not a word came from his lips.

'What are ye daein' here?' cried Janet hoarsely.

Her knees were shaking, but not from her exertions at the door.

His tongue passed over his lips. He looked as though he would bite.

She sickened, she knew not why, but revulsion passed shuddering through her.

'Foo is't ye're no awa'?' she exclaimed, mastering herself.

'I wadna gang.'

He smiled as he said this and held the box tighter. As she looked at it in his grasp some inherited instinct rose in her, and though it had been mainly valuable to her for what it might bring, should it pass from his drowned hands into her living ones, it became, at that moment, a thing desired and desirable for itself. She did not know what sum was in it, but the rage for possession of it came to her.

He laughed noiselessly, his toothless mouth drawn into a long line. She pounced on him, shaking his arm.

'Weel, awa' ye come noo—the boat's there waitin' on ye!'

He shook his head.

She had never laid rough hands on him before, but she gripped him now. She was strong and he was helpless; and he knew, in his helplessness, that she had come for the box. He had feared the river-watcher and he now feared her. He did not know what she meant to do to him; his mind was obsessed by the box and unhinged by the flood and the fear of its loss. He would have liked to resist her, but he could not, should he dare to try. His concentrated hate shot at her, like a serpent's tongue.

'I ken what's wrang wi' ye!' she shouted. 'Ye're feared for yer box! Ye're feared yon man get's a sicht o't! Aye, but he'll be here syne—he's aifter ye! I saw his boat i' the noo, an' him in it—ye'd best come.'

His face changed. On the dusty window-pane the drops beat smartly.

'Ach, ye auld fule!' she cried savagely, 'wad ye loss it a'? Div ye no see the rain? Div ye no ken the water's creepin' up? Muckle guid yer box 'll dae ye when the spate's owre yer heid an' you tapsalterie amang the gear the river's washin' doon! Haste-ye noo. We'll need awa' frae this.'

She dragged him to his feet and he leaned on her, clutching his burden and unable to resist her violence.

They struggled across the floor and through the broken-down door. It was raining pitilessly. Thievie took no notice of it. He, who had known the river in every phase of drought or flood, should have had small doubt of the danger in which they stood. The roaring of its voice was increasing and there were fewer stone steps to be seen than when Janet made her entrance. It was pouring in the hills and the tide had yet a few hours to rise before it turned. Thievie looked this way and that. What he feared most was to see the river-watcher slide out of the mist in his boat; for the elements, the world and all the men and women in it were, to his disordered imagination, intent on one thing—the box. He would never sleep peacefully again should a strange eye see it. He would be robbed. He had long since been the slave of this one thought, and it now overwhelmed his dim, senile mind, even as the resistless water was overwhelming the land about them.

It took all her force and resolution to get him into the boat; he was so crippled and his arms so much hampered by the burden he carried. Though he cursed her as they went down the stairs his thoughts were of the river-watcher. In the middle of their descent he laughed his soundless laugh.

'God-aye, but he'll be comin'!' he said, 'but it'll no be there—he'll no get a sicht o' it.'

At last she got him safely afloat and, having loosed the boat, rowed away from the stairs. The surrounding floods were peppered by the onslaught of heavy drops from the low sky, and then, as though a sluice-gate had been pulled up in the firmament, a very deluge was upon them. The little they could see was washed out and they were isolated from everything in a universe without form and void at the inmost heart of the hissing downpour. The river's noise was lost in it and all sense of direction left Janet. She pulled blindly, believing that she was heading for the boat-house. Soon they bumped and scraped against some projection

and the stern swung round. She felt the boat move under her, as though drawn by a rope. She tried to straighten it, but the blinding descent of the rain bewildered her; a branch of an alder suddenly loomed out of it, the lower twigs sweeping her face. Thievie cried out and crouched, clinging with frenzy to his box, and she guessed they had drifted above the deep, wide drain whose mouth was in the river. Her blood ran cold, for its swollen waters must inevitably carry them into the very midst of the tumult.

The drain was running hard under the flood-water and she despaired of being able to struggle against it. They were broad-side on; besides which she dreaded to be swept out of her seat by another branch, for there were several alder trees by the edge of the channel. The rain began to slacken.

As its fall abated, the river grew louder and the sky lifted a little and she could see the large alders, gaunt and threatening as spectres, blurred and towering over them. With that strange observance of detail, often so sharp in moments of desperate peril, she noticed a turnip, washed out of the ground and carried by the torrent, sticking in a cleft between two struggling branches, just below water-level. She made a tremendous effort and slewed the boat straight; and working with might and main at her oars got it out of the under-tow that urged them riverwards.

All at once the river-watcher's voice rang out from the direction of the boathouse, calling the old man's name. She answered with all the breath she had left.

'Yon's him! Yon's the river-watcher!' cried Thievie, from where he still crouched in the bottom of the boat.

She ignored him, tugging at her oars and pulling with renewed strength towards the sound.

He raised himself and clinging to one of them tried to drag it from her. She wasted no breath but set her teeth, thrusting out at him with her foot. He clung with all his weight, the very helplessness of his legs adding to it. She dared not let go an oar to strike at him. She could not have believed him able to hamper her so—but then, neither had she believed he could get himself up the inside stair of the cottage unaided; and yet he had done it. It was as though the senseless god of his worship, lying in the box, gave him the unhallowed tenacity by which he was delivering them over to the roaring enemy they could not see, but could hear, plain and yet plainer.

She was growing weary and Thievie's weight seemed to increase.

Could she spare a hand to stun him she would have done so for dear life. She had heard of the many-armed octopus of the southern seas, and she remembered it now in this struggle that was no active struggle because one would not, and one dared not, lose grip.

The boat, with one oar rendered useless, swung round and drifted anew into the channel between the trees. Again the river-watcher was heard calling and Janet tried to answer, but her breath was gone and her strength spent. The current had got them.

Thievie relaxed his grasp as he felt the distance increase between himself and the voice. A branch stayed their progress for a moment, whipping the sodden hat from Janet's head; her clothes were clinging to her limbs, her hair had fallen from its ungainly twist and hung about her neck. They went faster as they neared the racing river. Then the swirl caught them and they spun in its grip and were carried headlong through the mist. Janet shut her eyes and waited for the end.

Time seemed to be lost in the noise, like everything else. They sped on. At last they were not far from the estuary and the river had widened. Once they were all but turned over by a couple of sheaves, the spoil of the late harvest, which came driving alongside; once they passed within a foot of a tree which rode the torrent, plunging, its roots sticking up like gaunt arms supplicating mercy from the shrouded sky.

Finally they found themselves drifting in the comparative quiet of the broad sheet of tidal water, among the bits of seaweed carried inland above the deeps of the river-bed. The terrors of death had blinded Janet as they were swept along, and she now awoke as from a nightmare. An oar had been reft from her grasp in the stress of their anguished journey. Thievie was staring at her like an animal; his sufferings, as they were battered between one death and another, on the boiling river, were nothing compared with hers. His god had upheld him. He had crawled back to his seat in the stern.

'Aye, he micht cry on us,' he said. 'We're far awa' frae him noo—he'll no ken what I've got here.'

He began to rock about, laughing as he thought of the river-watcher's fruitless attempt to find him.

'Haud still,' said Janet sternly. 'God, hae ye no done eneuch mischief the day? Gin yon mist doesna lift an' let them see us frae the shore we'll be awa' oot tae sea when the tide gangs back.'

'Naeboddy'll see us, naeboddy'll see us!' he exclaimed, hugging the box and rocking himself again.

Janet rose to her feet, fury in her eyes; she could no longer keep her hands off him.

As he saw her movement he snatched the box from where it lay at his feet.

'Stand still, or I'll tak it frae ye!' she cried loudly, making towards him.

He gave one cry of horror and, with the box in his arms, hurled himself sideways into the waters that closed over him and his god.

The tide was on the turn and the rain had ceased. A wind had sprung up in the west, driving the haar before it back to the sea whence it came. Some men from the fishing village near the lighthouse were rowing smartly out into the tideway where a boat drifted carrying a solitary human being, a woman who sat dazed and frozen, and who had not so much as turned her head as they hailed her.

As they brought her ashore one of them took off his coat and wrapped it round her. She seemed oblivious of his action.

'Hae,' said he, with clumsy kindness, 'pit it on, lass. What'll yer lad say gin ye stairve?'

Janet thrust the coat from her.

VIOLET JACOB.

SOLDIER EMIGRANTS OF THE PAST.

THE ex-soldier as a potential colonist is naturally among the current topics of the hour. The pre-war civilian life, however, of so many in the present movement, rather differentiates the type from that which has helped in times past to build up our colonies, more particularly those in North America, with which alone this article is concerned. The greatest and most influential of all such migrations, that of the American loyalist regiments who founded British Canada, suggests, to be sure, something of a parallel, as will be shown on a later page. But grants of land in the colonies have for all time, since the Tudor exploitation of semi-barbarous Ireland, been a popular scheme with English governments for discharging their obligations to disbanded soldiers. Possibly something of the kind was done at Cromwell's conquests in the West Indies! But then these old military adventurers were not quite the same thing as the discharged soldiers of strictly professional armies of a later day, nor again did either take any serious part in founding the provinces of what is now the United States.

The first wholesale military settlement in our present oversea dominions, however, was made, not by us but by Louis XIV. in 1665. It was when the young king, with Colbert and the accomplished Talon, made an effort to lift Canada from a poverty-stricken, Indian-harried settlement of 2000 fur traders and Jesuit missionaries into a sounder and more hopeful condition like that of the neighbouring English colonies. Early in that endeavour, which shipped out some four or five thousand emigrants from Northern France, including cargoes of young marriageable women, went the regiment of Carignan-Salières, favourably known for its distinguished service in the Turkish wars. These soldiers were primarily intended to guard the frontier against the ceaseless attacks of the Iroquois, but were eventually settled *en bloc* as farmers on the south side of the St. Lawrence just below Montreal.

Louis had characteristically rejected the self-governing system which made the English colonies thriving, and adopted that of paternal feudalism under Viceroy, Intendant, Priest, and Seigneur, vigilantly supervised by himself. The officers of the Carignan regiment were granted extensive backwoods seigneuries, their

men becoming their *censitaires*, or vassals, under those French feudal laws, modified by local circumstances, which lasted till within living memory. Various streams running into the St. Lawrence through the now gracious Richelieu country, still preserve the names of these officer-seigneurs whose rude manor houses first arose upon their then shaggy banks. As the existing two million French Canadians are mostly descended—for later immigration was trifling—from these early shipments of Louis XIV., we may guess at the substantial share these thousand or so Carignan soldiers must have in their ancestry, if we have to admit that their martial instincts have wholly evaporated!

Of picturesque flavour rather than numerical importance was a smaller settlement in French Canada made at its conquest in 1761 by Highland soldiers who had themselves assisted in the victory. Two undeveloped seigneuries, on the verge of French civilisation, eighty miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec, were granted to two Highland officers named Fraser and McLean. The romantic Murray River divided their frontage, at whose mouth now stands the flourishing Canadian-American summer resort of Murray Bay. These Scottish seigneurs carried with them into this remote Arcadia a batch of men of their own regiment and planted them as *censitaires*, after the law of the land as maintained under English rule within the seignorial districts. Naturally enough these soldier bachelors took unto themselves wives from the neighbouring French parishes, and in two generations their descendants had nothing but their Scottish patronymics to distinguish them from their Catholic French-speaking neighbours. Most of the natives of the village and district to-day bear Scottish surnames, but have no more sense of the cause of it than a vague and dim tradition of 'Les Ecosseis.'

Possibly a touch of Scottish obstinacy may have survived through the ages in a venerable farmer whom the village *notaire*, some twenty years ago, pointed out to me as the 'sole relic of feudalism in all Canada.' This eccentric veteran, when, in 1854, seignorial tenure was abolished by State compensation and a trifling payment by the tenantry for the freehold of their farms, refused to compound for his. Every year since then he had gone to the *notaire's* office and punctually paid his rent (four dollars, I think) to the seigneur, the one then living and resident being, if memory serves me, a blood descendant of the first, for the manor

house and wild, unoccupied forest lands were of course unaffected by the Act of '54. The release of his farm would have then cost him about twenty-five dollars! It was hardly Scotch thrift, but rather an obdurate conservatism, though the *notaire* was inclined to think that through all his life he could never bring himself to part with twenty-five dollars all at once! But, at any rate, there he was, in 1902, the last withered leaf upon the rather rotten tree of old French feudalism, fastened by a French King upon a waste of primeval forest. Numbers, too, of disbanded soldiers from the same war, mostly Highlanders, were planted on Crown lands in the then colonies of North Carolina and New York, particularly in the latter. Most of them fought on the loyalist side in the Revolutionary War a dozen years later, and shared in the subsequent expulsion. The husband, an ex-major, and two sons of the famous Flora Macdonald, then in North Carolina, were among those who fought and settled afterwards in Canada.

But we must go back a few years for the first organised military settlement on a large scale, and that was the founding of Halifax in 1749. Of the 3000 and odd souls concerned with its rapid building and occupation, more than half were disbanded marines and sailors with their women and children. They received from the government building lots, land-grants, and maintenance for a period. This enterprise had a strategic as well as a commercial object, for Halifax was to be a counterpoise to Louisbourg, the great French fortified port on Cape Breton Island to the north of it, which, at an ill hour for the French Acadians, and to the rage of the New Englanders, who in '45 had stormed and captured it, had been restored at the Peace to France.

Forty years previously, at the Treaty of Utrecht, Nova Scotia had been ceded to England, less its northern angle, Cape Breton Island. No government had so far been attempted, beyond a fort or two occupied by New England militia, whose Colonel, as titular governor, left the simple and instinctively peaceful 15,000 French Acadians alone, save for periodical efforts to enforce the oath of allegiance according to the terms of the Treaty. This, however, by no means suited the French officials, powerfully entrenched at Louisbourg, who cherished the hope of some day recovering the Province. It is a long story with a melancholy ending, made familiar by the rather misleading sentiment of Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

But this was not quite yet. In brief, a ceaseless propaganda,

headed by fire-eating priests from Louisbourg and Quebec with threats of damnation both in this world and the next, goaded the hapless Acadians into overt acts and outrages wherever and whenever an attempt was made at settlement by New Englanders in the unoccupied districts. The torch and scalping knife of the Micmac Indian, too, responded readily to the powerful call of Louisbourg. So Halifax was the first attempt to make this almost virgin colony English ground in fact as well as in name. Furthermore, 2000 German and Swiss Protestants were almost simultaneously settled at Lunenburg, also on the Atlantic coast to the southward, who, it is needless to add, prospered.

But neither the soldiers and sailors of Halifax, nor the Lunenburgers could venture as settlers out of range of these places for the murderous bands from the further shore, which made isolated life impossible. So six years later, when the great Anglo-French struggle for North America began, the Acadians were given the flat alternative of swearing allegiance and behaving themselves, or banishment, and, as everyone knows, thanks to the coercion of priests and Louisbourg officials, the latter misfortune fell upon them, or most of them. With the rise to prosperity and Imperial importance of Halifax we are not concerned, but the nature of its origin is an interesting illustration of State-aided military enterprise, and we have none other quite like it. But Nova Scotia a little later was to be the scene of an infinitely larger influx of soldier immigrants, though mostly of a different type. For now we come to that great semi-military exodus of American loyalists which re-founded the Province and wholly founded British Canada.

By the spring of 1782 active operations in the Revolutionary War had practically ceased. Washington's armies with their French allies lay encamped within striking distance of the two or three Atlantic ports to which the British forces had been withdrawn. Terms of Peace were to be arranged, and it was understood that Independence was an accepted basis for them with the new British Ministry. Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York in May as Commander-in-Chief, entrusted with the doleful task of attending the almost certain obsequies of the war and the difficult one of clearing up its wreckage. Seven years before this, while in charge of Canada, he had saved it from the American rebels. The petty personal spite of Germaine had deprived him of the command of the army which Burgoyne, unfamiliar with

American conditions, led to disaster at Saratoga, and precipitated the French alliance. Carleton might not have achieved the object of the campaign, for Germaine's historic blunder had almost negated such a possibility, but with his proved ability and experience in two American wars, he would assuredly not have lost his army. Deprived by Germaine of further employment in this war, where he would have been invaluable, he was now sent out by the new Government to the delicate and thankless task of bringing home its ashes. For himself he hated the prospect, but was pronounced by the Ministry to be indispensable to the occasion. So, sound patriot that he was, he reluctantly abandoned his family and his Hampshire estate and took up his onerous, depressing, and, worse than all, his harrowing duties at New York.

We are here only concerned with the last, which involved the protection and extrication of thousands of ruined loyalists, repudiated by their respective provinces and despoiled of their property. About 100,000 had collected towards the close of the war in the still occupied Atlantic ports and British camps. Thousands had already sailed from Charleston, Savannah, and elsewhere, with despair in their hearts and next to nothing in their pockets, to the West Indies, Florida, or England, and to prospects everywhere forlorn enough to people so deplorably situated. Of their hard fate only scraps here and there have been gathered, nor do they belong to our story. Those who do had mostly collected, to the number all told of some 40,000, in New York, the last port of British occupation.

Two or three thousand had already found their way by lake and forest routes to Canada and were being looked after by its kindly Anglo-Swiss Governor, Haldimand. A few loyalist districts, too, in Western New York towards the Great Lakes, found temporary safety in numbers, isolation and their strength in fighting men, of whom anon.

In the British lines at New York were gathered most of those Provincial loyalist regiments which had fought for the Crown, with their women and children. Certainly not to them, nor even to the hordes of civilians who had displayed loyalist sympathies, was any mercy to be shown by the victors, but they did not yet know the worst; most hardly suspected it till the Peace Preliminaries were signed in the following March, when their doom fell on them like a thunderclap.

Congress, though virtually acting as the mouthpiece of the

individual States, was adamant; confiscation and banishment were their final word, with reluctant modifications that were worthless. The British Government, pledged by the country to Peace, had no means of backing their protests. The French, who had ample right to be heard, pleaded in vain. The victors in the English Civil War a century earlier had been content with fines. Many English historians, though like all they dismiss the matter briefly, assert that America now lost the cream of her population. This is too sweeping. Americans, who, to do them justice, are heartily ashamed of the business, admit that a large and valuable element was lost to the country. Carleton, who was in frequent communication with Washington and his army encamped in the neighbourhood, amid a mass of delicate military matters, found himself overburdened with the further care of these crowds of destitute refugees. Forty thick volumes of correspondence testify to his arduous efforts for them during these eighteen months. 'It makes my heart bleed,' he wrote, 'to contemplate the situation of these people, many of them of the first consequence in their Provinces.'

Besides the Colonial regiments, still mostly on the strength, were thousands of civilians, old men, women, children, and widows of fallen Colonial soldiers who had to be provided for. Then, with the Peace, came the Government's scheme of relief which was to create, though then little realised, another nation, under the British flag, upon the very flanks of that so recently lost to it. Lands in Nova Scotia on the one side, which was at least a known country, and in the Canadian forest wilderness west of the French country, which was quite unknown, on the other, were selected as a refuge for the loyalists. Indeed, there was practically no alternative, cheerless as the prospect seemed for these unfortunate people, and so significantly echoed in their then current catchword of 'Hell or Halifax.' The majority were Americans born, for whom some particular town or county had been the home of their forefathers for generations, since English immigration had been slight for nearly a century; though among them was a leaven of quite recent colonists, largely the outcome of the Seven Years' War.

The northern provinces were here most strongly represented, particularly New York, for the Southerners had sailed in numbers from the evacuated Southern ports. But among those with Carleton, South Carolinians predominated, as in that colony a

Civil War had waged with exceptional ferocity. Speaking broadly, it had everywhere required more individual resolution to be a loyalist. It had been safer to shout with the patriot crowd than to remain as pariahs, boycotted, robbed, tarred and feathered, or even worse. It was usually easier to join a patriot corps, and much easier, as many did, to stay at home and grab loyalist property than to reach some British headquarters and enlist in a loyalist regiment. This is one reason why the loss of these people to the United States was admittedly disproportionate to their mere numbers, to say nothing of their significance as the future founders of Canada. Most of them had resented the British policy and its taxes as strongly as their neighbours, had joined in the boycott of British goods and worn homespun like the rest. But when it came to drawing the sword they felt constrained to draw it for their King, a principle which the later alliance with France vastly strengthened.

In the meantime the surveyors were already busy in the Nova Scotian forests, and in the spring of '82 Carleton despatched those first shiploads of exiles, which were to follow one another through all that summer and autumn over the 600 miles of ocean trail which led to the rock-bound Atlantic coasts of the Eastern Province. To most of them its name suggested a dreary waste of fogs and snow, but the unpenetrated wilderness of Upper Canada may well have foreboded even worse things.

So it is not surprising that some 30,000 selected what seemed the lesser evil, and Carleton was at his wits' end for transport, packed though the exiles were in little ships of small tonnage. It greatly delayed his military evacuation of New York, and Congress sent frequent remonstrances asserting that the withdrawal of the loyalists was not in the terms of the Treaty. Carleton bluntly replied that he would not move a single soldier till the last of them was withdrawn. Nor did he, and it was not till November that the last hapless batch sailed out of the harbour. Seven or eight colonial regiments with their belongings were included in the movement, together with many disbanded regulars and a few Hessian officers, attracted to a settler's life. Lands were allotted according to rank; 1000 to 3000 acres for a Colonel, and so on through the ranks to 100 or 200 acres to a private. Civilians were graded in some similar fashion, while equipment for farming and two years' maintenance was an essential part of the agreement.

But, unfortunately, since the fertile Bay of Fundy was already occupied by pre-war New Englanders and the Acadian remnant, the Atlantic side of the Province, with its generally rougher surface and inferior soil, had been selected. One particularly unfortunate spot had been chosen for more than usually elaborate preparations, including a small town of hastily constructed clap-board houses, where in a short space 8000 of the exiles were huddled. So some of them at least had a roof over their heads for the moment, while the other consignments had to build shacks as best they could in the woods. Government supplies, coming direct by sea, appear to have been fairly adequate, but the distribution was a grave difficulty. Indeed the whole business on such a scale was unprecedented, and confusion and suffering inevitable. Gently nurtured women, old people and children underwent hardships for which they were ill enough fitted, while there was much wandering and shifting of groups through the wild woods in search of better lands. More suitable localities seem to have been eventually found, though at what cost and brave endurance, we have no space here to tell or to quote any of such evidence as exists.

The Province was some 230 miles long, and 30 to 60 wide. Its old population numbered about 16,000, a fourth of whom were at Halifax, the capital, and 2000 (foreigners) at Lunenburg. Though many of the loyalists drifted away in despair to other shores, enough remained to much more than double the population in a single year, and from their quality to make a greater mark than mere figures indicate. The patchy nature of the fertile and barren sections, the latter predominating and even to-day largely unoccupied, makes the rectifying of the early survey blunders by subsequent 'treks' an involved story. Its details are obscure, but it eventually resulted in more or less permanent settlements with small topographical significance to the general reader.

Several thousands, however, found their way across the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the St. John River on the mainland, then sparsely occupied, and spread up that fertile valley, to found in a few years the province of New Brunswick, with its now flourishing seaport of St. John and its up-river capital at Fredericton. Many reached Prince Edward Island, where their descendants are still numerous. It may be remembered, too, that scarcely any of these people had more than the much-worn clothing they brought with them. The officers had small half-pay, and the war-widows trifling pensions. The Government supplies of food

and implements, though duly delivered at one or two ports, met naturally with great difficulties in distribution. All sorts and conditions of men (and women) were here painfully hacking out clearings in the mosquito-infested summer woods, or on the frozen snows of the long, bitter winter. Judges, clergymen, merchants, doctors, lawyers, large landowners from the various colonies, with or without their interlude of soldiering, were in the same boat with those to whom the axe and plough were familiar tools. The gentlewoman shared in the toil and the tragedy with the soldier-farmer's wife, who, peradventure, had been through it all before in her old American home in happier and more hopeful days.

That these courageous people won through in the end to comfort and prosperity is written large in the history of the Canadas and over the face of the Maritime Provinces. How they did it can only be gathered from fragmentary evidence and traditions, though who and what great numbers of them were and whence they came, we know precisely. It is certain that the upper sort who survived rose in time to their natural leadership, shook off sooner or later their backwoods life, and at Halifax and in the smaller growing towns found their proper sphere in official, professional, and commercial life. But how many went under in the first struggles no one knows. Both they and their fellow emigrants to Upper Canada, whither some of these Nova Scotians migrated, were officially known as United-Empire Loyalists, and took such pride in the appellation that it was seriously proposed to make it hereditary! Half the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers one meets to-day make the pardonable boast of 'U.E. Loyalist' blood.¹

I have delayed too long, however, in doing the British Government full justice in this business, for Parliament had voted some three million sterling for the relief of the loyalists. That part of this eventually came to the two Canadian groups there is no doubt, but a Court-of-Claims had to be established and evidence taken which occasioned great difficulties and delays, spreading

¹ A moderate amount of emigration came into the maritime provinces from Great Britain during the nineteenth century, with further contributions from New England. There is much diversity of opinion as to the proportion of U.E. Loyalist blood now in the provinces, though New Brunswick is admitted to contain the largest share. But nothing short of a house-to-house visitation throughout them, which has naturally never been attempted, could provide adequate material for any just conclusion.

the proceedings over several years. Of the details and extent of this relief little is now known, but undoubtedly it enabled numbers to establish themselves more comfortably in life, and accounts in part for the leading rôle many of them eventually played.

In the meantime, those destined for Canada arrived there by various land and water routes, and were joined later by others straggling through the woods from all parts of the country, to the number of some 10,000 in all. Everything west of Montreal was then practically virgin forest. The soil, however, had been tested by a Commission and pronounced excellent, and a central depot was established on the Bay of Quinté at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, out of which grew the present city of Kingston. Another was formed at remote Niagara, an ancient fur-trading station in the wilderness, already favourably known for its fertile soil to Butler's Rangers, a famous loyalist regiment which had campaigned through the war in Western New York. That whole dare-devil corps, with other loyalists amounting in all perhaps to 2000, settled and cleared the woods around it and built the little town of Newark. The main body were distributed in surveyed townships east and west of Kingston, on the shores of the lake or the St. Lawrence. Between the two lay 150 miles of unsurveyed forests, clothing the northern shore of Lake Ontario. Of the Niagara group we hear less. Possibly they suffered less, despite their even more profound isolation, for the probably larger proportion of knowledgeable backwoodsmen among them. A body of Iroquois too, who had fought under Butler and been expelled by the Americans, settled near that district and remain there to this day. Another portion of the same once formidable group of the Five Nations were given lands in the Kingston district. Both Indian groups proved of service to their white co-loyalists both as hunters and as experts in the more elementary resources of wild forest life, strange to most of these ill-equipped pioneers. Some half-dozen regiments were planted in the Kingston townships alternately with blocks of civilians. They included Johnson's New York regiment, those of the King's and the Queen's Rangers, largely raised by the Rogers family still well known in Canada, Jessup's Rangers, and discharged fragments of British and Hessian regiments. Some of these, however, were planted in the Richelieu valley near the settlements of the old Carignan regiment.

And here there was little of the shifting about and groping for more suitable sites that became necessary in Nova Scotia. In

the first place, the land under the woods was all good, and even had it not been so, the exiles were hemmed in between an unknown wilderness and a shipless freshwater sea. They were soon after joined by what is termed the 'later loyalists,' four or five thousand of possibly more prudent people, who had disguised their sentiments till they saw a way out, and now struggled over back trails from various states to live again under the British flag. Among them were many harmless Quakers and Germans, while numbers of disappointed Nova Scotians ultimately found their way here.

Yet there is little doubt but that the sufferings of these Upper Canada loyalists for the first few years were even greater than those of the Nova Scotians. There was for example no town like Halifax within possible reach, nor any settled population which, though scant as it was in the Maritime Province, saved it from being the complete 'terra incognita' which Upper Canada signified for these first pioneers, while the winters were even longer and harder.

Montreal, a hundred miles down the St. Lawrence, was the nearest point of civilisation and supply. Every necessary had to come up-stream by whaleboats or bateaux, to be unloaded and carried round the several rapids. After the first year or so, the Government transport broke down deplorably. Nothing like the promised supply of tools and stock got through. There were continual mishaps from a dozen causes easily imaginable in those primitive days. Bears and wolves, too, helped to deplete the scanty, ill-fed, un-housed stock. There were not even grindstones for the axes. The grain had often to be hoed into the un-ploughed, hard-won clearings for lack of ploughs and, when harvested, to be pounded into flour between stones, for there were no mills. Money, even when present, was of no use, for there were no stores, nor yet doctors, nor drugs, nor fresh clothes, nor even wool for the housewife's spindle, as the few sheep imported were destroyed by wild animals. The gregarious French system of long, narrow farms, with homestead at the river or road extremity, which made for neighbourliness, was rejected of the Anglo-Saxon pioneer, who adopted the chess-board system with his log house in the centre of his one or two hundred acres. So cut off from his next neighbour and shut up in the gloom of his own woods, to whose laborious destruction he devoted his life and energies, the early Canadian settler was like a man in a pit, fighting for space in which to make a living. In 1787 came what is known

as 'the starving time.' A drought blighted the scanty crops, a series of mischances or worse befell the communications with Montreal. The working stock and cows had to be eaten up, while children greedily devoured the spring buds in the woods. A beef bone, as a treasured tradition in Canada has it, would go from house to house to be boiled and re-boiled. That these courageous sons of war won through in the end to found the Premier Province of the Dominion, itself the part founder of others, is a matter of current history. How they did it is a unique story of pluck, suffering, and endurance.¹

Carleton came out in '91 as Governor-in-Chief of all the Provinces, and incidentally to renew acquaintance with his old friends whom he had despatched from New York eight years before with such compassionate sympathy. Upper Canada was now constituted a province with a Lieutenant-Governor, a Council and popular Assembly. Surveys and roads were energetically pushed forward, and lands offered free to all and sundry. Britons came in small numbers, but first and last, about 30,000 Americans from over the border responded. The U.E. Loyalists raised loud protests, for their bitterness was undiminished. But Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, a British officer who had commanded a loyalist corps through the war, was amazingly active, and, with a passion for agricultural development, insisted on this profitable but risky hospitality, though coupling it, of course, with an oath of allegiance.

Its material effects were rapid and its political dangers were minimised by the ultimate rise of the U.E. Loyalist leaders to supreme power in the province: a power which, under the later term of 'The Family Compact,' they held for half a century by means the reverse of democratic, but undoubtedly effective for a colony in constant danger of annihilation by the United States.

With what alacrity the U.E. Loyalists turned out in 1812, and how, side by side with the British regulars, they successfully defended Upper Canada through two years of continuous attack

¹ The limitations of a magazine article necessitate a good deal of generalisation in specifying districts and approximation in regard to figures, though quite sufficient for our purpose here. Fairly full records of all these, and other kindred matters, are preserved in the archives and State papers. The intimate life and condition of the early settlers, however, is revealed only through personal sources, oral tradition, family letters, and scraps of contemporary print. There is, or was, a U.E. Loyalist Society in Ontario, which aimed at the preservation of all that concerned their ancestors.

by vastly superior forces, is a glorious page of history almost unknown to English readers. It is virtually shirked by most English historians, who, bored by its unfamiliar and remote conditions and absorbed in the Napoleonic struggle, dismiss this one, unsought by us, as 'inconclusive.' Assuredly the Americans had their Nemesis, when, burning with ardour to annex Canada and expel the British power from the Continent, they met the sons and grandsons of their old victims in the breach, and encountered humiliation after humiliation, and final defeat.

How the leading U.E. Loyalists, aided by the new immigration developments and their belated compensation money, emerged from the woods, built little towns, and became the commercial, professional, and administrative leaders of the community, with the strongest Tory leanings, is not for these brief pages. It is enough that at the close of the Napoleonic wars Upper Canada, now Ontario, contained some 80,000 souls, with a dominant minority of U.E. Loyalists twice tempered in the furnace of war. The remainder were later Americans, mostly quiet and contented, with a fair sprinkling of Old Country immigrants, including a disbanded Highland corps, the Catholic Macdonalds under their priest-bishop. Nearly half that number, in much the same proportions, were settled, outside the French seigneuries, in Lower Canada.

But now, when, after Waterloo, American immigration stopped and that from Great Britain seriously set in, disbanded soldiers again claimed the first care of the Government. Thousands were sent out, men and officers, under the usual conditions and settled in the various provinces, particularly in Upper Canada, the most promising field. This was quickly followed by large consignments of out-of-work and other civilians on the same plan, despatched, not merely by the Government, but by various organisations, philanthropic or commercial, besides much private or co-operative enterprise. With these last we have nothing to do here. Hitherto the military settlers, save at Halifax, had either previous American experience or were Highlanders, always good colonists. The Post-Waterloo military influx, as one gathers from the old reports, was, as a whole, and perhaps naturally, less efficient. There seems to have been even still a certain amount of regimental grouping practised, either voluntary or official, which was probably a mistake. But the civilian influx was so great for the next thirty years that the absorption of the soldiers into mixed communities

was only a matter of time. Nor was it easy for a man to change his career in those days, so most of the inefficient stuck it out somehow and at any rate saw their children grow up to thrive in the country. Many of the common soldiers, too, had their pensions, which, if of trifling individual amount, were in bulk of no little service to the country.

And what of the swarm of officer immigrants, military and naval, who had fought under Wellington and Nelson? Most of them soon abandoned their woodland grants or purchases, assumed no doubt with the cheery and unsuspecting optimism, flavoured betimes with romance or dreams of sport, which has distinguished the gentleman-emigrant for all time. There was in truth small scope for 'gentleman-farming' or for anything but unremitting manual toil in the old Canadian woods. Many did not attempt it, but remained in the little towns along the lake shore, where all the actual necessities of life, then abnormally cheap, were within the compass of their half-pay, often coupled no doubt with small private means. Numbers, however, went through the great backwoods disillusionment, to escape after a time to a more congenial sphere, badly scorched, perhaps, but not financially or socially extinguished. Some stuck it out and their children eventually sank into the common farming type. Within the memory of some of us these last might still be encountered here and there, indistinguishable, save, perhaps, for an arresting name, from their rough, horny-handed neighbours, and with as raucous an accent as any of them. And, in conclusion, it may not be amiss to remind the reader that the speech of the original founders of the British Canadian provinces was colonial American-English, not 'old country' English as regards inflexion and intonation, modified no doubt, as to-day, according to social and educational degree. In short, the American accent of the Canadian masses to-day is indigenous, not imported.

A. G. BRADLEY.

ANGEL ALLEY.

BY CHARLES FLETCHER.

IV.

'Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
 Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
 Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.'

VERG., *Aen.*

I WAS having a conversation with William Day, whose face was like the rising sun, and who wore gracefully the long coat and tight trousers of the perfect coster. It was a slack evening at the Club; few members were present, and nothing had happened out of the ordinary except that a podgy-faced urchin had knocked at the door and, when it was opened, had displayed a rat skin dangling on a string.

'This is a rat skin,' quoth he, and vanished.

Peg-tops had suddenly appeared in the Club, and Drewey, who said he had hurt his leg on the stairs when being chucked out, but afterwards admitted that as a fact he had got between two carts and been partly crushed, was trying to split one top with another.

'When did the season for tops begin?' I inquired of William Day.

'Yesterday.'

'And what comes after them?'

'Pictures and blowin's.'

These are cigarette pictures or tram tickets. They are placed on a ledge and blown at till one turns over, when you keep it.

'And what after that?'

'Banging buttons.'

In this a button is thrown against the wall, and another after it. If the second is a span away it counts four, if two spans, two, and right on top, six.

'And then?'

'Oh, then it's time for swimming or cricket.'

And a peg-top having flown too close to my eye, we adjourned for hopping boxing.

Conversations, under the flaring lights, in the midst of a babel of tongues, with scufflings going on all round you, and a dozen

disputes, demands, grievances and whirligig mischiefs to arbitrate upon all at the same time, are piquant because they are so fleeting. Just as you cannot box well when half your mind knows that draughts are being aimed in the next room, so you cannot really be a continuous and sympathetic listener when Davis and Foley, one-eyed Hall and Baby Fisher, the huge horse-collar grin of that strange urchin-prodigy Osman, and his fellow in dumb-crookedness, Shea, are anywhere in the neighbourhood. For these boys have a wonderful art of producing illusion. A carefully-thought-out smile or nudge here and there, three backs turned, and one face peering over its shoulder now and then, a general disappearance into the next room, followed by ominous silence, are the technique, and their art is a conscious thing with a definite purpose. This is to delude you into thinking that something unspeakable is going forward when it isn't, or into believing that the Club is very nearly somnolent when in reality a dozen swift and stealthy hands are breaking it up unseen. When two begin, eight will join in, or catch it, and infect all the rest. A party is probably told off to woo your interests into another direction, and though you may possibly sense that something is up, when the inevitable explosion occurs, and the thing they have been toiling at falls, filling the air with sulphur and dirt and flying bodies, you are struck with surprise, like a spider whose web has suddenly been bitten through at its moorings by eighteen different flies.

'Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo!'

It is no more possible to intimidate little goblins whose blood is alight, or to pin wriggling obstinacy to its guilt, than it is to collect spilt water. For at once you are confronted by the moral indignation of the East End boy accused—a thing uplifted, passionate, and stern.

'I never saw who done it, I ain't bin in here mor'n a minute.' 'I never bin near it. Search me.' 'Arst 'im if I haven't been sitting here since you told me.' 'Yus, it's always me gets the blame, because I done it once.' 'I could tell you who done it, but it ain't likely I would, is it? You don't think I'm one of that sort, do you?'

It is clearly useless, and as the hive which ought to be so busy making honey has become an angry buzz, it is perhaps best to throw out the members one by one till you have recaptured the minimum standard of peace.

After an evening spent like this, I am sure the Club boy goes home to bed with a sense of achievement, and next night a lot of new boys will want to join. But the old boys come and tell you what a rotten Club it is, and do you know what you ought to do? You ought to make those boys keep the rules. Truly, it sometimes seems as though it might be best to throw out Davis and the one-eyed Hall permanently for the sake of the souls of the others.

'Ast alios longe submotos arcet arena!'

But then only to think of those poor ghosts endlessly wandering and flitting about inhospitable shores, just because accidentally or through the hap of war, they never got decent burial!

I don't say this sort of scene always happens at Angel Alley—not even perhaps very often—but that one-eyed Hall and Davis, Baby Fisher, and that arch-imp Melvy Nash, have powerfully the art of suggesting crime, and use it without scruple, and that this is psychically disturbing when you want to talk, say, to Dicky Pitman. For he is perhaps the Club's most versatile talker, as Bousfield is without question the noisiest and emptiest. 'Sir,' says Bousfield confidentially after being implored to go into the next room and shout there—'Sir, there are peaches down in Georgia.' And he smiles like a dog that has made you pat him.

Dicky Pitman, like all good talkers, prefers a considerable audience. In private he is apt to get transformed into a rather delicate-looking little boy with a droop to his mouth. His face has suffering in it, and the bruised-apple complexion of the East End, and he is shy. But put him in an audience and he smells the footlights at once, and rallies to the charge, twisting his mouth—so much so that I asked him once why he didn't go on the stage. The question was answered for him while he struck an attitude. 'Sir, do you know the only thing that kept him off of it? Rotten eggs.'

On reflection, however, I cannot think of a single quotable example of Dicky's humour, and I think it must have lain in his grimace and byplay. But I remember his eyes like black pebbles, and the twist and droop of his mouth as he stood, the picture of discomfort, while I talked to his mother. All boys are always ready to talk to you about jobs, or to ask you to get them one, because they are always either out of work or changing to work of another kind or at another place, and are largely indifferent

what they do so long as they earn good money for the moment. And they have large ideas. Dicky Pitman was no exception, and wanted to leave his job, rather reasonably, because the chances of his having two or more fingers taken off at it were, he thought, excessive. Stamping out tins, or some such, it was.

It is difficult to help. Boys are not good at knowing their own minds, or at sticking to things, or at grasping possibilities and looking ahead. And their parents are much shut in by their own street and their own experience. But Dicky would have made a good clerk and rather wished it. However, his mother at least knew *her* mind. 'I'm thankful to you for coming and I know I shan't always be here to look after them, but I think Office makes them lazy, and I know his dad thinks the same.' Dicky had an elder brother who was in an office, and who shall say that his mother was wrong?

William Brown, however, was a boy who knew his own mind—a great foolish open-faced fellow with a careless laugh. 'Sir,' he said—and he looked quite troubled—'I want to see life.'

I quickly visualised William Brown seeing life in a variety of different ways, and asked him what he thought he meant. Vague hands were waved. 'Moving about. Going from place to place. I'm fed up.'

Brown 'fed up' was rather amusing. He was so essentially eupeptic.

'What's your job?'

This question met with an overwhelming success, and I naturally wanted to know what the joke was. Nothing readily explainable, of course, at least in words, but arms were moved significantly, and it seemed almost as though the moving about, which Brown complained of as being inadequate, was done on the trail of horses, and with a shovel. The fact remained that he was fed up.

'Are you in love?'

But the conversation had to stop here. It was getting too funny. And with a promise on his part that he would be in the same frame of mind next week, we adjourned.

Apparently he really did want to enlist, and knew what it meant, but was quite incapable of trying to do it all by himself. So a form was obtained, a sergeant-major interviewed, and Brown disappeared to get his father's signature.

He was away a week, and then he came to the Club again.

'Well?' said I, and Brown burst into peals of laughter and

ducked away. 'I'll tell you later,' he said, and bubbled over again. It was merely that his father had refused to sign.

Patsy Underwood was another friend of mine. He was the pal of Melvy Nash, and their minds resembled the Kingdom of God to this extent, that you never got there by striving. I have exchanged back-chat, or the rapier thrust of wit, as I prefer to call it, with Patsy for a glittering quarter of an hour on end, and never been much wiser than before about anything connected with him. And Melvy, if you asked him a question bolt out, immediately grew bored.

'Ow, oi dunno,' and he would wander off. Or, 'Arst 'im, 'e knows,' he would say, as though anyone but a fool would have thought of it previously.

'Are you going to play football on Saturday, Melvy?'

'Might do.' Then a flash of illumination would come. 'Hi, what about our fares?'

He would look across the room at me with a brilliant and engaging smile, in which eye and heart combined, and—'Tuppence?' pointing with his shoulder. That meant would I play him at draughts. But if a question caught him at an idle moment, and the affirmative seemed likely to redound to his credit, he would sometimes say 'Yus!' with astonishing force to get rid of it.

Patsy was of a subtler mint than Melvy, and had better manners. He would bow to you like a king, and catch your thought before it was uttered, instead of catching at your words, like most of the others, as a terrier does at a rat. He wore the life of the East End like a plume, proudly and carelessly, and knew all about 'Panache.' And his eye, and his smile, when it came, were as bright and clean as hill water, and personal to you in a way that was touching.

Both of them were troubled with excitability and an itching—Patsy to tease, and Melvy, if possible, to annoy—and Melvy, in addition, did not know where to draw the line. It is related of a brother of his who was being entertained to tea, that when all the rest of the party had been served, a plate was handed to him by the entertainer with three bits of bread and butter on it. As Nash took them, a friend remarked, 'Wot about Mr. —? 'E ain't 'ad none yet.' But Nash retorted: 'Couldn't 'e 'ave taken it if 'e'd wanted? 'E 'ad the plate first.' Melvy was the same exactly. He drove with all the force of his personality at what

he wanted, scorning finesse, and scattering sentimental obstacles with hob-nailed boots, like dead leaves. Appeals left him cold, offers found him with a business head. Physical violence called forth defiance, while at the same time producing an effect and being regarded by him as the sensible and obvious next move on your part, *i.e.* it was what he would have done himself. I can imagine Melvy in the part of Prometheus, stealing the fire from Zeus while he was playing draughts with a Titan and putting it in his trousers pocket. And I can imagine Melvy nailed to a rock, with tightly pressed lips and insolent fighting face, trying to kick the eagle. Underwood, meantime, would have neatly disposed of Apollo's herds and be settling down in his cradle with a happy smile. But this is rather far away from the Club.

Boys have a habit of volunteering information about themselves when you least expect it. For instance, Melvy Nash would come up to me on a Friday night and say 'I've done my work. Yus, I have. I've scrubbed my mother's room out. We takes it in turns to scrub the room, we does, 'cos my mother's a cripple.' Pride and gusto were in his looks and tones, and in his big brave heart. So Patsy one day gave me a letter and said 'Read that, sir.' It was from his school teacher, advising him to attend a course of evening study, and though he never asked for the letter back, nor if I had read it, when I returned it I also advised him to attend the classes, and he seriously and solemnly agreed that he would. I forget how many weeks went by before I could gain an inkling of why he never did. The story is rather involved. It began with Melvy's telling me all about a circus he had been to.

'There was a horse, which counted up to ten. *You know.*' He assured himself that I knew and continued :

'First the man arst him how many unmarried ladies there was in the front row, and the horse went like that with his foot, four times.' And Melvy went like that with his foot. 'And then the man arst him how many unmarried men there was in the front row, and the horse went like that twice. And then the man arst him how many married couples there was in the front row, and the horse . . .' I was beginning to be a little tired of the horse, which, no doubt, was the same one I saw, and Melvy was still showing me how many times it nodded its head, when Patsy's father suddenly came into the story, and I pricked my ears. For some time ago Patsy had carefully said, when questioned on the subject,

that his father was a tailor. But now it appeared that he worked at the theatre where the circus was, sticking bills by day and being a stage hand at night. I put it to Melvy.

'Oi dunno what reason he had for telling a lie about his father. And then—' (boredom changing to delight)—'the horse . . .'

The next time I saw Patsy I said 'Patsy, I've a bone to pick with you.' It was at a boxing match against some proper little boys and Patsy was a performer, so I told him that I would explain all about it later. Up he comes between two bouts. 'Sir, is there much meat on that bone? Sir, tell us about that bone, will you?'

So, to spite him, I caught hold of his thumb and pulled it hard—an action which reads obscurely, but which he understood well. For the evening before there had also been boxing and a boy had strained his wrist. Shortly afterwards, up comes Patsy to me, holding his thumb.

'Sir, put my thumb in for me.'

I pulled.

'Sir, pull harder.'

But I happened just then to notice that the sprite's head was bent down, so I lifted it up. Patsy's face was one wrinkle of glorious laughter.

I never got the statement about his father cleared up, but one evening I tackled him about the evening classes.

'I wouldn't mind going, sir,' he said plaintively.

'Well, why don't you?'

'Father used to go to classes, sir. He knows shorthand and a lot of other things. When father was first married to mother she wanted to know where he spent his time, but he wouldn't say, so he gave the classes up.'

'Well, you will go to them, Patsy?'

'Sir, I don't think I'll go.'

'But I thought you wanted to.'

'Sir, my clothes aren't good enough' (with a shy look at Melvy, whose clothes are certainly not good).

'Would you go if Melvy went?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Oi don't want to go to no classes'—from Melvy, with an air of having definitely given up knowledge.

'Will you go if I write to Mr. Williams?'

'Yes, sir, I'll go.'

So I wrote to Mr. Williams, and saw Mr. Williams, but Patsy Underwood never went. How should he, when he had to deliver suitings late at night at Golders Green ?

V.

London boys have such a habit of not knowing places that are three streets away, and of talking of the other side of London as if it was the other side of the world, that one is apt to think of them pretty much as one does of the caged birds that hang outside many of their houses. Yet it is not altogether true. Numbers of them go regularly into Kent for the hopping, and can talk to you about the river at Maidstone. 'Hopping saved my life,' one urchin told me, and no doubt it was true. Some of them have been to Lincolnshire, fruit-picking. Davis once told me a partly credible tale of how he and some of his pals would earn a sum of money and go and live for two or three days at a 'boozer,' or public-house, in the country. And Hutchinson, who hates people and houses, and would always rather be out wandering about alone, described how he and another boy bicycled down into Kent in the middle of the night, and back again to London before morning. Barnet Fair is known to these boys as well as the Blackfriars Ring, and Hampstead Heath as well as Milwall Football Ground.

I suppose that you could eventually tire a London boy, but it is not easy. They will trudge by your side as long as you ask them, indifferent to the miles, and will wander through streets or parks or country equally incurious until they reach the object of their desire—food, an accident, water, football or boxing. Then they live. Their stamina is indeed wonderful. A boy of sixteen who goes to bed at eleven and is at Covent Garden by four next morning all the week will walk two or three miles on Saturday to play football, and play a hard game till you stop him. Boys who have worked all day will come to the Club and form a party to go out and run round all the wards in the City, or will fly the horse for half the evening, and box the other half. Yet they are always lively, always at the top of their form. I did once see an Angel Alley boy thoroughly done up after boxing twice in one evening in a competition. But that was nerves.

It was not at the Holborn Stadium, but it was a great evening all the same, and Angel Alley was represented by three champions. It should have been four, but Dicky Kellis, who had been uncertain

till the very evening of the weighing-in whether by that time he was going to be an amateur or not, was confronted by a kindly doctor.

'How long have you had that face, laddie?'

'Since yesterday, sir.'

'Come, come, now; think again.'

'It's nothing sir, I've often had it: it's washing in cold water, sir.'

'Go round to the hospital and get something to put on it. I can't let you box; it's too catching. It's not fair on the chaps who use the same gloves.'

So Dicky Kellis did not appear that season, either as amateur, or for a purse.

'Call 'im a doctor,' he snorted. 'E don't know nothing at all about it. Sir, why can't I box?' It was long before his brown eyes cleared of trouble, and the monotonous chant ceased.

The weighing-in was characterised by the usual Angel Alley nonchalance. 'Oh, yes,' said the three champions, 'they thought they might go in, but now could they?—they had no clothes.' However, difficulties exist to be overcome, and after a complicated borrowing in triplicate, the three champions were weighed and got their tickets. After which Angel Alley adjourned to 'cawfy' in a chamber lined with tiles and illuminated by a young Jewess, and threaded its way home, to prepare for the event.

Boxing is one of the things the East End boys take quite seriously. As a woman, who has been airing her feminine perversity, or shyly coquetting for want of anything better to do, shuts up and becomes essential at the sight of a baby, so, at a boxing match, you can talk to an Angel Alley boy plainly and he will answer you without irony. This is business, and he forgets all about himself and suddenly attains to the full stature of a man, until presently excitement gets the better of him and he loses his individuality in the passions of the crowd and becomes the prey to absurd illusions and fanatical desire. Angel Alley must win. Nothing else exists. He *knows* Angel Alley, therefore it must win. And if it doesn't win, then the referee is siding with somebody, and the judges have never seen a boxing-glove before in their lives. A hall close packed with boys wrought up to this pitch is worth studying. Idle to appeal to them to be quiet. Idle to appeal to their reason—to ask them to control themselves for the sake of the competitors. They have no reason and have got far past control. They have forgotten themselves

and everyone else. All that they know is that there, up there, is a boy who represents the only one thing worth living or dying for—victory of the Known over the Unknown. And the Known is getting the worst of it, and he *must not*. Somehow, by some blow, or feint, or trick, or endurance, he *must not*. And if he wins, they subside quickly into a satisfied knowledge that they were right, and are invincible. If, however, he loses, for a moment they are ready to go any lengths, do anything, to avenge the wrong done to their innermost instincts. And then the moment passes, the attraction of the crowd snaps, and they recover reason. But deep inside them, as they go home, they know that they can comfort themselves in their own superiority, because Angel Alley really did win, only the judges, being hopeless amateurs, were too ignorant to see it.

And the boys who box? They are fine to watch, they have so much pluck, and often so much real skill and cunning, even the littlest. They are nervous, most of them, and deadly in earnest, throwing away the quiffs and pranks they get from watching their favourite professionals, and trying to get home on their opponent from the beginning. There is little clinching and no fouling. Sometimes it is easy to see who wins, sometimes the decision of the judges comes as a surprise. And it is singular how the passion of the hall and the strain of following, and backing one or other of the boxers, grips you. One boy, tall and fair, with a cool smiling face, a long reach and a perfect style, it is a pleasure to watch. Twice he wins without losing his composure, and he will be in the finals: he is easily the best boy there. Angel Alley, packing up to go home, agrees, but says 'If you got inside his reach and hit him on the body, it would be all up with him—he's weak.' Good old Alley!

(To be continued.)

THE SISTERS.

BY GUY RAWLENCE.

It was a bleak November afternoon. The rain which had fallen so insistently during two days had ceased, but the air was burdened with a chill moisture that seemed to catch at one's throat with an almost physical contact. Anything, however, seemed preferable to remaining in the hotel where I had been a prisoner for numerous intolerable hours, and I had gone out determined to walk the full length of the promenade, which separates the shore from the houses of the seaside resort in which I found myself. These hide behind pines and gloomy shrubberies, masking their stucco façades, their redundant turrets and pinnacles, as if ashamed to set themselves in comparison with the changeless spaces of the Channel.

Few people were about. Only here and there children pattered along at the heels of bored nursemaids, or dog-owners took their pets for delayed exercise. One imagined that thousands had surveyed the slowly clearing skies, breathed the dank air at a momentarily opened window, and then, feebly excusing their pusillanimity, had returned to their firesides and the protracted digestion of beef and baked potatoes. One imagined acres of rooms where the only sounds were discreet snoring and the fluttering pages of innumerable novels.

For myself, having spent a week at this most despondent of watering-places, I was conscious of a feeling of exhilaration, aware that I was taking my last walk on the concrete way which lies between the twin piers.

I was within a few hundred yards of the further pier, when, seized with a sudden desire to smoke, I filled my pipe, and being near to one of those wood and glass erections which the seaside authorities call 'shelters,' approached it, matches in hand.

I chose the side facing the sea, for the wind was blowing off shore, lit my pipe, pressed down the charge, and was about to move on when I noticed that the shelter held an occupant—a little old lady sitting composedly at the further end. Our glances met and, unexpectedly, she smiled.

'What an unpleasant afternoon,' she said timidly.

'Positively villainous,' I replied.

'I cannot remember when I have been out on quite such an unpleasant afternoon,' she continued, 'though, really, one is quite warm here. These shelters are most convenient.'

'Oh, rather.'

I was about to go on, my hand half raised to my cap, when the little lady spoke again.

'I wonder, you must pardon me, but could you spare a few moments? I am quite dreadfully perplexed.'

Surprised, I stared, for the first time troubling to examine my interlocutor. She was definitely elderly, though it was difficult to be precise in my estimate of her age, for the mushroom-shaped hat which she wore shaded both her hair and her features. She was dressed unobtrusively in black with a fur round her shoulders. On her feet were black button boots, down at the heel, but well polished. Her clothing seemed old, almost shabby, yet of an unexceptionable neatness.

'Of course, if I can help you,' I began, struck by the delicately beseeching tone of her voice, the gesture of her gloved hands with which she accompanied the request.

She smiled immediately.

'It would be extremely good of you—extremely,' she said. 'Won't you sit down?'

Inevitably I took a place beside her and thrust my pipe into my pocket. She did not appear to notice the movement—at least she made no reference to my smoking. In the silence which fell between us I heard a dog barking at the edge of the grey sea. The silence became a little ridiculous.

'You wanted my advice!' I said at last.

She seemed to collect her thoughts.

'Oh yes, forgive me,' she pleaded. 'You see, I have never before spoken to a stranger and—I do hope you will not object to what I am going to ask you, but, really, I am quite dreadfully perplexed. It is so unexpected, and has quite upset my calculations.'

'Upset your calculations?' I repeated vaguely.

'Yes. I never knew that the pier was closed on Sundays, and it is impossible for me to hire a boat.'

'You want to get somewhere?'

A smile flickered over her face.

'I suppose I do, but—it is not a usual journey, and I have no

idea of the best means of taking it, now that the pier is closed. The pier simplified matters.' She paused, and then, amazingly, she said 'Excuse me, but how would you commit suicide?'

The question, put so composedly, with an air of complete innocence and calm, made me jump to my feet.

'Commit suicide!' I exclaimed.

The old lady raised a protesting hand. 'Oh, please sit down,' she said. 'Perhaps it was foolish of me to ask like that, but I so want some information.'

Half reluctantly, I took my place once more. I don't really know what I thought at the moment, but I imagine already I had suspicions of lunacy; my suspicions were confirmed by the old lady's next remark.

'Would you use poison, or throw yourself under a train, or drown yourself?' she questioned, with a strange air of impartial inquiry.

'Neither,' I affirmed desperately. 'I should use a revolver.' She sighed.

'Yes, I dare say that is an excellent method, but it would not suit my case.'

'Your case?' I cried. 'But—really——'

'You see, I wish them to think it was accidental. . . . It would never do if my sister should suspect that I had done it on purpose. That is the reason I wanted to go on the pier. One might so easily slip.'

I suppose that I must have looked startled, that my companion saw me glancing from right to left, searching for some signs of life on the deserted promenade at the foot of the shallow, ochre-hued cliffs, and I confess I was seized with dismay. I have always tried to avoid a scene, and a feeling of acute distaste came over me at the prospect of dealing single-handed with this charmingly polite lunatic. At any rate, she appeared to notice my distress. She put out her hand pleadingly—a thin hand in a black suède glove. Strange markings on the glove betrayed that she had sought to hide its shabbiness with ink.

'I should be deeply grateful if you could help me,' she said.

'But I don't in the least understand. Do you mean that you are contemplating taking your life?'

She nodded.

'I did not wish to trouble you, but if you would care to listen to an explanation, I will be as brief as possible.'

Clutching at anything to gain time, I answered quickly 'Yes, please give me an explanation.'

'It is a question of necessity,' she began. 'My sister and I are alone in the world. We are devoted to each other, and have lived together all our lives. Our parents—my father was a solicitor in Durham—died when we were about thirty years of age, leaving us a little money. It was not a great deal, but quite sufficing to keep us in comfort. We are both socially disposed, and it has been our custom to live in boarding-houses, sometimes here, sometimes in London. It saves so many small worries, and we have passed a very pleasant and congenial life. It is only during the last few years that our troubles began, when, owing to the war, everything has risen so much in price. Of course, our income has remained as it was. We have effected everything possible in the way of economy, but it is very difficult. We are both elderly and in poor health. My sister, who is younger than I am, is a great sufferer, a martyr to rheumatism and to bronchitis. She needs so much care, so much nourishing food—there is the expense of doctors, medicines, and what not, and now we are informed that unless we risk her becoming a complete cripple she must undergo a treatment at Harrogate.'

She paused, her breath caught in a cough.

'But surely—' I began.

'I am devoted to my sister. I would do anything for her.'

'But I don't understand.'

She looked at me directly.

'You see,' she said, 'if there was only one of us she would have double the income.'

Then I realised all that lay behind the extraordinary statements which she had made; realised there was a purpose directing the intentions of this amazing little lady. Perhaps, I reflected, she was not mad after all; indeed, so serene was her demeanour, so unruffled by her astonishing confession, I began to feel I was in the presence of a person of eccentric, but not unbalanced, mind.

'So that's it,' I gasped.

'I was afraid,' she continued, 'you would consider I was not—not quite sane, but please believe me. Of course I should never have confided my purpose had I not been completely upset. I am convinced that I—that it must be done to-day. Perhaps I should be more cowardly to-morrow, and I am so determined that

I am doing right. It is so unfortunate—I should not have troubled anyone—I had made my plans. I have put on my oldest dress and just brought twopence for the pier-toll, and now——'

She stopped with a sigh, looking at me beseechingly, as if asking for my trust.

'My dear Madam,' I said, 'I believe every word you say. I think you are very splendid, but, obviously, your idea is perfectly preposterous.'

'Why preposterous?' she questioned.

'Setting aside everything else, the right and wrong of your action, you would not be doing a kindness to your sister. If I read your story correctly, all her happiness is bound up with you, in the fact of your lifelong intimacy. You say she is delicate; have you considered how the shock would affect her?'

'She would grieve, of course,' replied the little lady; 'but she would never know but that it was an accident. Oh, please do not think that I have not contemplated the matter from every aspect. I know that it in itself is wicked, that it is a sin; but do you not feel that sometimes circumstances alter matters? Surely you do not believe in a cruel God, one who has no understanding? Surely you do not believe in a God like that?'

'No,' I said.

'I have prayed, very earnestly, and I am convinced. It is not even a sacrifice; my sister is so good. I cannot bear that she should suffer. And it is so simple. Just an accident. There would be no question, would there, of being buried in unconsecrated ground? I should dislike that, and I do not think it wrong to practise this small deceit.'

She stopped. In the silence I thought distractedly, vainly seeking a solution of the problem with which I was confronted. Then, suddenly an idea came to me. I seized it desperately.

'I quite appreciate your point of view,' I said; 'indeed, I think you are right in feeling that there would be some justification for your action; and yet—you have been prevented. It is impossible that you should to-day carry out your intention——'

'That is why I spoke to you—I hoped you could suggest,' she put in.

'Don't you think that here is an indication that you are not meant to do this?'

She considered my suggestion, pursing her pale lips, setting her small bird-like head on one side.

'My sister would never know. She would grieve for a short time, and then be happy,' she insisted.

It took me a good half-hour of argument before I carried my point; even then I was not perfectly convinced that I had done so; but at least I had obtained the old lady's promise that she would proceed no further with her design without consulting me! We had just arranged this compact when the ridiculous Jubilee clock at the pier-head struck four. My companion started up.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'I had forgotten the time. My sister did not know I was going out, and I am not supposed to be out late. I am foolish enough to be rheumatic too.'

'Didn't the doctor say you should have treatment at Harrogate?'

She glanced up almost guiltily.

'Yes, he did,' she conceded; 'but of course it was quite out of the question—the double expense.'

We walked in silence along the promenade until, arrived opposite the pier, we entered one of the indeterminate roads which lead from the shore. At the first lamp-post the little lady stopped.

'I will not ask you to come farther this evening,' she said; 'but perhaps another day you will call. My name is Burcomb, and we live at Newlyn Towers, Lamorna Road.'

I did not like to say that I was leaving the town on the following morning, and thanked her for the invitation. As yet I had formed no definite plan, but I had decided in my mind that I would return in a few days to offer what assistance I could to this little lady, whose strength, beauty, and delicacy of character were so remarkable.

She gave me her hand.

'Good-bye,' she said, 'and—thank you.'

'I have your promise?' I asked again.

'I am not sure you are right,' she said; 'but I do promise that I will not act hastily without consulting you.'

She turned, and soon her figure was lost in the mist which streamed upwards from the shrubberies that bordered the road.

Inevitably my strange encounter obsessed my mind, and from the moment I said farewell to Miss Burcomb I was beset by doubts and hesitations. At the time, I had been convinced by her story, and, what is more, convinced by her assertions; I had no thought that after our conversation she would carry out her purpose;

indeed, I was inclined to flatter myself at my handling of a delicate and unexampled situation. It was only late that night I began to question if I had not been unwise, even criminal, in accepting Miss Burcomb's word. A hundred possibilities presented themselves to my mind. I was compelled to admit that I should have sought the advice of a doctor, of the police. Suppose that the little lady was mad, after all?

I slept abominably, only towards morning falling into a heavy sleep, and the hour was about ten o'clock when I entered the hotel dining-room and ordered breakfast. While waiting for it to be brought I opened the newspaper. The headlines were uninspiring, their large-lettered assertions seemed straining at importance. I turned the page, and then, by some queer chance, I noticed a small printed paragraph. I read it over and over.

The waiter approached with my coffee and eggs, I made no sign, shocked and horrified by what I had seen, for the paragraph announced that on the previous afternoon an elderly lady had been run over by a motor omnibus in the town in which I was. She had, it appeared, been killed instantly. In her pocket had been found a visiting-card on which was written: 'Miss Agnes Burcomb, Newlyn Towers, Lamorna Road.'

Reading this, I was instantly and painfully aware that I had been capable of a most fatuous credulity, that I had acted with complete folly. In my own eyes I saw myself as not much better than a murderer.

After consideration, I realised that I was faced with two alternatives:—To keep silence, or to seek out Miss Burcomb's sister and tell her everything. The difficulty lay in the fact that with my confession I should, in all probability, destroy her happiness and nullify the sacrifice which had been made.

Obviously no one could attach blame to me. Obviously no one could couple my name with that of the unfortunate Miss Burcomb; yet, indirectly, I was responsible for what had occurred, and by reason of that responsibility I felt that I could not remain silent. It may have been selfishness on my part, but I was unable to forget that I had been the last person to speak to Miss Burcomb before, having suddenly changed her mind, fought down her promises, she had carried through her original intention. Surely, therefore, it was incumbent on me to seek an interview with the sister, offer my sympathy, make acknowledgment of my lamentable failure?

I acted quickly. Leaving the untouched breakfast table, I took my hat and coat, engaged a cab, and told the man to drive to Lamorna Road.

In ten minutes the cab drew up at a green gate, on which were painted the words 'Newlyn Towers.' Behind a rampart of dripping laurels stood a house built of mouse-coloured brick, with fretted eaves and pointed windows. I walked up the needlessly twisting path and rang the bell.

Presently the door was opened cautiously and a frightened-looking servant appeared.

'I have come to see Miss Burcomb,' I said. 'Please tell her I shall be very grateful if she can spare me a few minutes.'

The maid gasped.

'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'there's been a haccident. Miss Burcomb's sister——'

'I know that, but I was a friend of Miss Burcomb,' I said decisively.

'I'll tell her, sir,' murmured the maid.

I was admitted into a little passage-like hall and left there. The place seemed almost pathetically faded and airless. The stair carpet was worn, the rods tarnished, the hat-stand, bereft of a foot, stood at an insecure angle. In contrast to the shabbiness of it all the electric light was hidden in a Japanese paper lantern of violent colours.

Presently I heard a footstep on the stairs. I turned quickly and then drew back in amazement, for I was confronted with the little lady whom I had encountered in the shelter.

'How kind of you to come,' she said, and held out her hand. I could not take it. Several seconds must have passed before I collected my senses.

'Forgive me,' I said at last, 'but I have never seen such a resemblance. Your sister whom I met——'

'But it was I whom you met,' she exclaimed.

'You?'

'Yes. It was my sister who——'

Her voice was caught in a sob.

'You mean it was your sister who met with the accident?'

I asked.

She shook her head violently.

'It could not have been an accident,' she murmured. 'My sister would never have gone out on such an afternoon unless

she intended to do what I intended. I am convinced of that.'

'You mean that she wanted——'

'It is quite simple. We must have both thought of the same plan. We have lived so much together that our ideas are nearly always the same. We could almost read one another's thoughts. She was afraid for me.'

She began to weep quietly, mopping her eyes with a little sodden handkerchief.

Completely bewildered at the turn of events, I suppose that I must have mumbled some words of sympathy, offered some ridiculous attempts at comfort.

'I know, I know,' said Miss Burcomb; 'it is what I was determined to do, but it is hard to bear. It is terrible that she should sacrifice herself—terrible to be loved like this.'

I went forward and took her hand.

'Remember,' I said, 'what you told me. That if you had done what you meant to do, you hoped that your sister would not grieve. Remember you would not have desired her to sorrow—you hoped she would be happy.'

Miss Burcomb looked up; her hands fell to her sides in a gesture of complete helplessness.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'I did say that; I did hope that she would be happy. That is what she would have wished, and, of course, I am the elder.'

The odd words seemed to give her comfort.

'Yes,' I said, 'remember, after all, you are the elder.'

DAWN AND SUNSET.

A NARROW band of vivid crimson, boldly defined like the colours of a stained glass window, lay on the eastern skyline in a frame of billowing cloud. Around it and above it was a ghostly phosphorescence that faded gently into a halo of palest blue. These were the sole tokens of dawn's coming; for, elsewhere, all things were shrouded in night's blackness, save where stars and a great moon gleamed whitely in the heavens. There was music in the air—sleep-bringing music; the rushing splash and gurgle of a mighty stream; the harsh and raucous frog-song accompanied by the monotonous fiddling of innumerable crickets—the whole ringing and echoing in one's ear like the murmur of shell music. No landscape features could be seen in detail; for all were indicated merely by relative variations in shade and blackness. Yonder dim, elusive half-light was, no doubt, the river; but where it ended and the land began was quite uncertain; nor could its width or length be even guessed at. Those local concentrations of blackness, surmounted by a vague suggestion of spars and rigging, were certainly the sleeping hulks of ships moored to the bank, just as surely as those long and narrow accentuations of nocturnal gloom were belts of palm tree by the river's brim. . . . A mystic dreamland this, in which all mankind slumbered—lulled to forgetfulness by the symphony from marsh and undergrowth.

Gradually, a different type of music became audible, as the 'chirya-log,' awakening by twos and threes, voiced their welcome to approaching day. Their sweet and liquid notes, timidly hesitant to begin with, swelled to a full and joyous chorus, and such was the greeting of the blood-red sun when his uppermost curve first showed on the flat horizon. In a flash the whole scene was changed under the magic of the slanting rays that dispelled the mystery of a gloom-enshrouded world and made it pink and rosy as the newborn babe. The curtain thus drawn aside, the gleaming, watery vastness of the mighty Indus lay revealed; likewise the green and feathery freshness of its nearer bank and the low-lying scrub that clothed its sandy shores. Close in, the racing flood showed brown and muddy, but, farther out, it was a shimmering belt of silver that raced unceasingly, bearing on its surface the broken boughs of trees, and sweeping them swiftly into the unknown. The flat liquidness of

everything was suggestive of a scene in Holland. Ships, clustered by the shore, were revealed in all their grace of well-curved outline ; lofty in bow and stern, they fell away sharply towards the waist, which was but a foot or two above the water-line ; even the slender bamboo backbone of the single, shining sail was bent and picturesque as a scimitar. Towards the distant bank, more of these native craft were to be seen ; but they showed black against the sunlight and, half hidden behind a maze of sandbanks, seemed like ships stranded on a desert waste.

Besides the flotsam incidental to all rivers, the Indus bore upon its bosom a handful of rounded, ill-defined somethings that, in the distance, might have been floating cocoa-nuts or footballs. As the tremendous speed of the current brought these more clearly into sight, they resolved themselves into the heads and shoulders of some half-dozen men, whose voices soon came echoing across the surge in hollow and sepulchral tones. The upper part of their chests rested on what might have been the floating carcase of some animal ; and, in point of fact, it was a large, inflated goatskin that supported them in the water, its ends projecting well into the armpits of each swimmer. Each man made slow, paddling movements with his arms—movements that rendered his downward course oblique and enabled him, bit by bit, to edge his way towards the desired landing-place. What distance and the water hid from view—as regards the swimmers' clothing—I shall now divulge. Nor need much time be expended on the telling, for their attire was simple. A grimy 'pagari' on the head and a loincloth round the waist—these constituted the sum total of the raiment worn. The remainder, consisting of a few yards of cotton cloth, was twisted round the neck of an earthen pot or 'chatti' which each man possessed, and which was fastened to his body by a turn of the aforementioned cloth. And as these strange, amphibious mortals drifted with the stream, their talk was chiefly of milk and the price it would be likely to command in the bazaar that day. Chilled though they were by exposure to the cold and wet of an early morning journey down the river, the possibility of such things as 'magars,'¹ rheumatism, pneumonia, and a death from drowning had no terrors for them, did not occur to them. Their sole interest in life was centred round the milk that lay within their 'chattis,' and the possible gain of a few pice extra for the selling of it. They were 'gwalars' (milkmen) of the Punjab—poor men, contented

¹ Crocodiles.

men, men with no imagination and no cares. Just possibly, they *may* have heard vague rumours of a war in Europe or elsewhere, but, if so, it did not strike them as a topic worthy of the least discussion. Empires might rise or fall crashing to their ruin; but no change would result in the mentality or habits of these 'gwalars.' Their whole world clustered round a nucleus of milk within an earthen 'chatti.'

'The sun grows hot, O Shamah!' quoth one of the swimmers (a stalwart youth with mahogany skin and parrot nose) to the lean and grey-haired patriarch who drifted by his side.

'Thou sayest truly, Brijlal,' replied the veteran in a harsh cracked voice; 'and the sooner we get to shore the better. Of a verity, I grow weaker and leaner with the years, and cannot endure the heat and the cold as thou canst with thy great bull hide. What thinkest thou of the market?'

Brijlal spat disgustedly. 'Bad, O aged one! It is ruined by the accursed spawn of Hingia. By their very numbers they do swamp the market and sell at low prices that we, single-handed, cannot approach.'

Thus the conversation rambled on in guttural monotones, occasionally relieved by noisy jests.

Brijlal was a 'gwalar' who lived in a tumbledown hut of sun-baked mud on the western shore of the Indus; and he owned, in addition to his hut, half an acre of land, four water buffaloes and cows, one wife, two naked children, a real 'charpai' (rope bed), a blanket, and a few brass and earthen pots. For he was a man of substance. Directly opposite his dwelling, and on the far bank of the river, lay the town of Dera Ismael Khan, whither he would swim each morning on his 'mashak' (inflated goat skin) and sell his milk, returning with the sunset and his two or three annas of profit. Now, to reach the town of Dera Ismael Khan, he had to rise very early in the morning, tramp some five or six miles upstream and enter the water at this point, thus making due allowance for the current. Perhaps he had some hazy notion of the parallelogram of forces—who can say? But, be this as it may, he certainly knew by instinct how to negotiate the Indus with the minimum of labour and the maximum of speed, and could judge his exact landing spot on the farther bank with as much precision as though he carried a compass on his person and had reduced the speed and strength of the current to a mathematical equation.

As the 'gwalars' paddled thus steadily towards their destina-

tion, the full glory of the sun was cast skywards in the form of a red-hot cannon ball that, mounting slowly upwards, dispelled the coolness of the early morn and began its hated work of transforming the entire Punjab into one grilling furnace. Glad, therefore, were the travellers to gain the bank and hoist themselves and their ware ashore. By this time, the whole world was more or less awake. Women, with pitchers poised upon their heads, could be seen marching, with unstudied grace and perfect carriage, to the river's bank, where others, squatting on the ground, scoured the gleaming brasswork of the household with earth and water and cleansed their garments in the muddy stream. Here and there, small brown babies scampered about naked and unabashed, or suffered an unwelcome washing at the hands of their mammas. The skippers of the ships were likewise stirring, preparing their 'chapattis' for the morning meal.

Brijlal and his fellows halted just long enough to unwind the clothing from the necks of their 'chattis' and adjust it modestly around their waists, skirt fashion, then, balancing the milk pots on their heads, they set off for the city.

Passing through the lofty gate of the mud-walled town, Brijlal found himself in a narrow, cobbled street that seethed with a multicoloured populace attired in reds and yellows, pinks and tarnished whites. On either side were the dark, cave-like mouths of shops and yet more shops—all crammed with a heterogeneous mix up of Indian ware and cheap stuff from the West, and within these sunless caverns squatted the rightful owners of the same, puffing and burbling at their hookahs. Here, one could see the native 'moochi' at his work—there, the silversmith, preparing the most exquisite chains and rings and brooches with the aid of but a tiny anvil and a few tools; for some of the world's most beautiful and cherished treasures have had their origin in the squalid workshops of the Indian bazaar. Strange, unholy smells were in the air. It was a place of vivid contrasts in light and purple shadow. Lean, starving curs slunk to and fro amid the legs of the passers-by; while, here and there, a fat and sluggish Brahman bull wandered leisurely and undisturbed or lay in the very centre of the roadway, obstructing all the traffic of the place. Not that this mattered very much; for time is of no account in India. 'Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow' is the working (or rather slacking) motto of the place.

On the mind of Brijlal, however, the noisy, garish scenes of the bazaar made no impression ; and he picked his way unhesitatingly to where a buzzing cloud of flies and a sweet, sickly odour indicated the existence of a 'halwai's' shop. Now, as befitted the nature of his occupation, this 'halwai' was quite the dirtiest man in the bazaar ; and his loathsome refectons lay, spread on bamboo stands, exposed entirely to the dust and swirl of the town. His beard was unkempt and black ; his skin, oily with an exceeding oiliness ; and in his eye there was a glint of piggish cunning that bespoke great skill in haggling and deceit. Brijlal approached him softly and with caution. 'Ram, Ram,' he muttered by way of greeting. 'Thy goods smell sweet and tempting. Thou art indeed a cunning maker of "mittahi" ; skilful to impart both flavour and a goodly appearance.' (All of which was utterly untrue.) The 'halwai' fixed him with a fat, unwinking stare, puffed once or twice at his hubble-bubble and questioned tonelessly—'How many seers hast thou brought this day, and what is thy price ?' This direct demand completely took the wind from Brijlal's sails and left him, for the moment, open and defenceless before his prospective customer. Used as he was to approach all business propositions in the most roundabout way possible, a straight and pointed question always rendered him speechless and bereft of repartee. Much, therefore, as he would have liked to open a discussion on sweetmeats and the weather and the goodness of the Almighty, he felt that there was only one answer possible and he made it. 'I have, indeed, four seers of milk within this vessel, and they are thine but for the asking. As for the price, that is for thee to decide, brother.' 'Uncover the vessel,' quoth the merchant shortly, and Brijlal meekly obeyed. This done, the 'halwai' plunged a grimy hand and forearm into the depths of the snow-white fluid and scraped the bottom of the 'chatti' with his fingers, to gauge the amount of grit and deposit that, if present, would detract from the value of the milk. 'In truth,' he muttered, 'there is enough sand in this to scratch the lining of the strongest stomach.' Saying which, he withdrew his hand and let the milk trickle slowly through his fingers back into the pot. By this simple manoeuvre, he learned more about the specific gravity and general worth of the liquid than if he had tested it with lactometers, hydrometers, electrometers, and the hundred other devices to which the scientific pin their faith. As the result of his experiment, the sweetmeat vendor was overcome by a spasm of noise-

less merriment, his prosperous belly quivering with the vibrations of internal laughter. 'It seems to me that that which thou callest milk is chiefly Indus water,' he chuckled. 'I cannot possibly give more than eight annas for it.' Brijlal made as though to cover up the jar and take his departure. 'Stay!' cried the 'halwai' in alarm. 'Thou shalt have ten annas for thy wares, and well thou knowest that I pay thee overmuch.' For answer, the 'gwalar' balanced the 'chatti' on his head and remarked that twelve annas was his price and not one pice less would he accept. 'Ah well! Ah well!' grumbled the 'halwai.' 'So be it; though I am a great fool and a loser by the transaction.' And so Brijlal, pocketing his money, departed from the presence of the great one and wandered cheerfully through the squalid streets and teeming life of the bazaar. For twelve annas he had accomplished a journey that few Englishmen would have risked for a bet of fifty pounds.

After concluding with the 'moochi' a bargain for the selling of the hide of one of his cows that lay dying, but not yet dead, on the far bank of the Indus, he retraced his steps to the brink of that river, well pleased with himself, and with things in general. For the last fortnight he had haggled in vain with the obdurate boot-maker, and now, at last, had brought him to the acceptance of his terms. Aware of his deep indebtedness to Rama, he offered six pice to an elderly, half-naked 'rushi' (holy man) whom he found seated beneath an umbrella on the river bank, in return for which the verminous fraud regaled him with the dozen pious phrases that were his stock-in-trade and the source of his secretly vicious livelihood. Then, in the cool shadow of some clustered palms, Brijlal composed himself to rest and care-free slumbers.

Release from the tyranny of the sun came with its setting, and a glory of soft, golden radiance suffused the dry parched land. Shadows lengthened. The long, flat roadways, overhung by the foliage of kagals, fragile neems and banyan trees tasselled like the fringed hem of a dancer's skirt, were as the aisles of some vast cathedral, in which the unseen broom of a giant's hand had stirred a cloud of gold and copper dust. Leaves rustled in the gentlest of cool breezes; and from the distance came the muezzin's voice as he called the Faithful to their prayers. Here, strings of camels, weary beneath their loads of timber and piled hay, lurched slowly homewards, their eyes gleaming like tinsel in the darkness of the roadside; there, a few bullock carts lumbered creakily towards

the finish of their journey. Save for the voices and the jostling of the drunken and dissipated, as they made for the scenes of their nightly orgies in the town, all mankind was preparing for repose.

Brijlal, with a casual glance at the 'mashak' on which so much depended, waded out into the river, at a point six miles above the city. Then, without so much as a look to see if his action was observed and admired by the idle group of loafers on the bank, he hurled himself into the full body of the current and was borne into mid-stream in the twinkling of an eye. As he swept along on the bosom of the river, the sunset faded from the sky, the misty blackness of the star-shot night descended on him and he could hear the yapping and the wailing of jackals. . . . Suddenly a hideous scaly head showed fleetingly above the racing surge, and Brijlal's heart smote fierce within him.

By the door of a squalid mud hut a woman stood, gazing fixedly at the oily surface of the smooth swift-rushing river. A dim, motionless figure in the starlight, she was tiny, lithe and rounded, with bangles on her wrists and ankles, and with an oval, childlike face that gazed forth anxiously from amid a silky wealth of jet-black hair. Within the hovel her two babies slumbered peacefully, and on a pile of yet warm ashes lay the 'chapattis' that she had prepared against the homecoming of her lord.

Poor little woman! For the last two hours she had watched and waited for the tiny black speck upon the river that she had grown to know and love so well as the first sign of her husband's coming, and still she watched and waited. And still the sleek, dark waters surged past her, smooth and empty; while, in the encircling gloom, the cry of jackals echoed like the wailing of a human soul.

W. KERR CONNELL.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND THOMAS SPEDDING.

THEIR FRIENDSHIP AND CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

LETTER 17.

THE first half of 1843 was devoted by Carlyle to strenuous work, whilst a considerable part of the second half was spent in visiting friends and roaming the country far and wide. In the earlier part of this year he wrote with unusual ease and rapidity his 'Past and Present,' considered by many good judges his best and most popular book. Then followed his long article on Dr. Francia. He was utterly fatigued and in sore need of a holiday when June was ended. Charles Redwood, 'the honest Lawyer,' asked him to come to his home at Llandough (S. Wales) and stay as long as he could. He left Chelsea on July 3, called on friends at Clifton and Bristol and reached Llandough July 6. Stayed with Mr. Redwood ten days; then made his way to Abergwili, on the invitation of Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. David's, who inhabited Archbishop Laud's old Palace. After three days there he left for Liverpool, *viâ* Gloucester (to get a sight of Worcester battlefield). Then took a tour in N. Wales with Dr. Carlyle; made a toilsome climb of Snowdon, but got no view for mists. It was not till August 4 that he arrived at Scotsbrig, having been on the move almost constantly for over a month. No wonder that he had little appetite for more travel than was absolutely necessary. He was obliged to decline Spedding's kind invitation; but he felt it his duty, whether pleasant or not, to go to Dunbar and see the only remaining battlefield of Cromwell's that he had not visited. By pure chance he was there on September 3, the anniversary of Dunbar Battle and also of Cromwell's death, which he took as a good omen. A short visit, after this, to old friends at Kirkcaldy and Dundee, from which he sailed on September 13 for London, and thus ended his long holiday excursion.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Scotsbrig,
August 9th, 1843.

DEAR SPEDDING,—It is many a day since I had your Letter ; and often have I promised myself a pleasant hour in answering it : but the hour and the pleasure never came,—shut out by the unkind Destinies !

For the last four weeks and more I have been wandering incessantly ; restless as the ancient Shoemaker of Jerusalem (whom Sonnet-writers call ' the undying one '), and with about as much satisfaction, I suppose, as his : I have seen Rebecca turnpikes lying in wreck ; orthodox wise Bishops, at least one such, studying to be wise in the worst of times,—and saw myself, not without surprise, kneeling as if in prayer in the Chapel of Laud ! I have been on the top of Snowdon, looking into mere bottomless *mist* ; I have encountered endless rain-deluges, distressing aspects of every kind ; and seen all I wish to see of Wales, or indeed of the world at large, for some time to come ! It was right pleasant to me to take refuge here, in my good Mother's cottage, once more ; and fling myself down to sleep,—as I have continued doing, in a most grateful and harmless manner, ever since my arrival, I may say.

At present, reawakening to some consciousness, I can dimly see Skiddaw again ; and not dimly but very clearly remember the kind friends I have under the vapours there. Whether I shall get to see you this time is very uncertain ; the weather is broken into continual rains, I myself feel as if broken, all locomotion, or change farther, somewhat of a horror to me. But I do wish to come, could it be done by the Fortunatus Hat. Alas, hoofs and carpet-bags and sorrowful etceteras are again indispensable !

Tell me at any rate where you are to be for the next fortnight. Perhaps some impossibility on your side may itself put an end to all dubieties on mine ! I have a Brother, whom I parted with in Liverpool, who has or had a kind of chance to take a course thro' Yorkshire and return shortly by Carlisle : him, in my hoping moments, it sometimes seems possible that I could intercept with a gig at Penrith, and lead round by Hallsteads along Ulleswater to Greta Bank in a pleasant manner for a few days. Possible : and

yet the Fates seem to say to me, crabbed Cockneys as they are, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' Write you in any case: I shall be here for a week.

With many very kind regards to Mrs. Spedding,

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 18.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Chelsea,

April 28th, 1844.

MY DEAR SPEDDING,—I am very glad to hear the sound of your friendly voice again,—or to see this image of it, transmitted me by aid of Cadmus and Rowland Hill. I live mostly in a great solitude in this great noisy Babel, most sounds and voices in it passing by me as the mere song of the 'Autumn wind among brown leaves.'

What prospect I have of coming to the North? I am afraid, no certain one at present; I have got deep into the abysmal quagmires, and must try to deliver myself a little, before I can go anywhither! Last year I wandered about for three months or more, and returned home sicklier and stupider than ever; in fact, these short escapes into the free air seem only to derange me out of the known routine of my dust element,—to which, like the salamander to his fire, one gradually gets accustomed: I believe it would take two years of country to do me any real good. My nearest duty is clearly to get my hands washed of this unspeakable Cromwell concern; and then, if any haven open, to run as for life. I am very sick, feel worse in health this summer than I ever did; but on the whole there is no help for me in running away. I believe I ought to get a horse, and perhaps shall: but this also requires more effort than I have disposable for that side of my affairs at present. I must get done with this accursed task of mine, and deliver myself from the Torpedos! No subject in this world, I believe, is a more unmanageable one. The heroic Age of England, verily such, and treated hitherto with a depth of stupidity that even England elsewhere cannot try to parallel. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the Prophets! In fact, that is the last time practical men in this country ever did attempt heartily to

go upon the fact that they *had* an Eternity lying before them ; an Infinite Splendour and Terror (what they called an Almighty Just God) encircling this little Life-islet of theirs :—it is most grand to see ; and men cannot otherwise, I think, lead their life in a manlike manner at all, but must lead it in a more or less beastlike manner, and end in Peels, Russells, tin Champions of England, and the other phenomena too well known to us ! My intolerance against the shovelhatted quacks who succeeded poor Oliver, and hung his body on the gallows, and danced round it saying ‘Aha, aha ! Glory to Nell Gwynn and the *new* improved Defender !’—is difficult to repress within just limits. I believe no Book will ever be made of this unfortunate thing ; but some way or other I must be rid of it, or die of torpor and despair. Coroner’s verdict : Died by the visitation of Human Stupidity (his own and that of two preceding centuries) in almost all its forms !

Poor Peel ! He is actually getting into the waters ; his boat, rocking, will not lie steady in the ooze any more ; and God alone knows where the *other* shore of the voyage may be ! The thought of it often fills me with a real terror. We shall need an awful scourging, I doubt, before we awaken fairly again,—awaken or die !

God bless you, dear Spedding.

Your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

Is there no hope of you up here ! The Baconian Philosopher spoke of some chance there was when you went to Liverpool with your Boy. Kindest regards to Mrs. Spedding.

T. C.

LETTER 19.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Scotsbrig,

September 20th, 1845.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I am here since Friday gone a week ; but in no travelling condition ; in fact altogether out of spirits, and out of order every way ; and do not think of going farther into Scotland at present, or indeed of going anywhere, except unwillingly into Nithsdale where I have some business to do,—and then home again to Chelsea to hide myself in a corner there. This country is

infinitely mournful to me ; but I feel least annoyed when left entirely alone, to saunter about the moors here, and converse with the ghosts of the Past after my own fashion. I am very sorry to see little or no prospect of meeting with you even in Cumberland on this occasion ; one of the few men whom it is really solacing to me to meet with ! But we cannot help it.

The Book on Cromwell is done ; and is worth next to nothing when done. One poor man avails not against the stupidity of a Nation for two hundred years. There will be no recognition of Cromwell till another generation than this arise. I sometimes think I may have turned a little running brook in upon the obscene dung-mountains, whereby they may at last be swum away, and the face of Oliver and his earnest time laid bare from them : but this also I do not know for certain ; neither indeed need one specially care. I have got done with a most disgusting piece of labour ; which, in so far as it was pious and honest, will not be useless to myself at any rate. And so, let us rest a little in the mute wilderness here, and then to the road again.

If the Secretary is with you, remember me to him as one that in all places loves him. You, I hope, will come to London before long ; I could like right well to see you again.

Yours ever truly (in much haste to-day),

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 20.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Scotsbrig,

August 25th, 1846.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I am here, for a week past or more ; with little chance of going farther north ; with a tendency rather towards Ireland, and so southward again. There is a kind of half-promise attracting me towards Dublin for a few days ; promise which I failed to perform on my way hitherward ; which my poor conscience, rather than any hope or other allurements, urges that I ought to endeavour after on my return. My indolence is at present beyond measure ; indeed my sufferings from all kinds of travel are such as to inspire a very natural horror at locomotion ; a wish, gradually becoming the one wish which swallows all others, To be allowed to lie still. Which wish, I do surely believe, is on the way of being gratified by and by !

Daily I see Skiddaw and the Mountains in unusual clearness ; daily I am reminded of your old friendliness to me. Had I the wings of a dove—But I have no wings ; no tolerance for coach-drivers and noisy inns ! I sit wishing I could make you a little visit ; not much hoping it : I write at any rate to give myself a chance.

Pray tell me if you are at home ; how you are off for room ; at what hour your Coach leaves Carlisle ; what conveyances you have on the Liverpool side,—it is there I could take Dublin by Steam, and perhaps get home by Cork and Bristol. Pray let me hear. I left my Wife with her friends in Lancashire : I think she hardly meditates coming farther north, but will return shortly to Chelsea with one of her lady Cousins for companion. She was far from well ; but seems to be recovering a little since we parted.

Adieu. I ought for many reasons to be the most *silent* of men. Daily this world and its ways become the more *unutterable* to me ; daily my own small share in it the more Sphinx-like, unfit for the dialects of these days. If the Baconian Philosopher is with you, remember me ; to Mrs. Spedding at any rate who is sure to be with you.

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 21.

After a month of touring and visiting in the Midlands (August 1847) Carlyle and his wife took leave of each other at Leeds, he going to see his mother at Scotsbrig, she to visit friends at Barnsley for a few days and then home to Chelsea. On Tuesday, October 8, Carlyle left Scotsbrig to visit the Speddings at Mirehouse and Greta Bank. In a letter to his wife, dated October 10, Carlyle writes : ' James Spedding, with a fine brisk pair of horses and a comfortable hooded carriage, was waiting for me at Wigton : all right and well on that side, and a warm welcome was ready for me at Mirehouse (the Father's place), where I found [Samuel] Laurence just come ; and Thomas Spedding with his Wife, &c., &c., to do honour to the dinner. . . . Yesterday we moved hither [Greta Bank], close by Keswick, " Tom's house," Laurence and James with me ; a beautiful place in spite of the rain : here is the starting place of the Coach which leads to the Railway, which leads to &c. I leave this on

Tuesday at nine A.M.'—He arrived at Chelsea the same Tuesday night, and on the next Tuesday wrote the following letter to Thomas Spedding.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Chelsea,

October 19th, 1847.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Thanks for your Letter ; thanks for all your kindnesses to me, in late days, and in days long past ! I too am very glad to have seen you all again ; I too hope, and purpose if I live long, 'that it may not be the last time.' Greta Bank, under your and the kind Lady's good stewardship, I can reckon always as one of my possessions in this Earth : a place where Friends live and work, clear-headed, clear-hearted ; where, in elegant simplicity, in quiet fulness, solacement for soul and body gratefully offers itself, when my wanderings tend that way. Such possessions are not to be slighted, in so poor a world, by so poor a man. Here and there such a spot, to which our thoughts turn, 'first makes this waste Earth,' says one of Goethe's personages, 'into a peopled Garden for us.' My thanks, and my blessings, be with you all always.

I had a beautiful drive that Tuesday morning ; the weather, the scene, the equipage altogether agreeable. Your new Farm and Farmhouse in Naddale (is that the name ?) was duly pointed out to me : all lay silent, serene in the moist sunny October ; the swift Brooks, clear as liquid diamonds, sang their best song for me,—the last I was to hear of Brooks for a twelvemonth to come : Helvellyn and the everlasting hills, Grasmere steeple and the transitory villages and chapels ; things seen for the first time, and things seen long years ago, preached equally a mild and wholesome sermon for me. In silence too, and no reply needed,—no falsity, except one volunteered it ! I shall long remember that mild solitary morning, and its doctrines and melodies. Once swallowed into the belly of the rail-train, there was of course nothing more to be said or thought, nine hours of tempestuous deafening nightmare,—like hours of Jonah in the *whale's* belly, I suppose,—and one was flung out in Euston Square, glad to have escaped, but stupefied for a week to come. Absolutely I think *ether* must come in vogue, if men persist in that mode of travelling. To a man who has still his senses *left*, the operation is too painful.

At Chelsea I found my Wife better than I had expected, and nothing at all gone wrong in my absence ; my Wife, I rather judge, continues to amend : I am charged with kind remembrances to Mrs. Spedding and you from her, and thanks for your goodness to me.

At Windermere Station, while the tumult of packing went on, a foolish Lady with noisy foolish children in the carriage beside me, pointed out to one of them a figure on the platform as 'Mr. Coleridge, whom you saw this morning, my dawling !' The figure, hoary, small, and in clothes *too* small for it ; with a little switch in its hand, an almost idiotic stereotype simper on its face ; apparently taking leave of some female Lakers,—instantly arrested all my attention : poor Hartley Coleridge himself, and no mistake ! I have seldom contemplated a more tragic spectacle : surely if there be a tragedy, it is that of celestial genius sunk together as a sordid ruin. The eyes and eyebrows of the man, except that the former were as if *besooted* and half-extinct, had still a prophetic meaning,—the rainbow hanging over a world all drowned in deluges and ooze ; for the rest of the man reminded me, in a painful manner, of the most abject kinds of men. Poor fellow, and he is decidedly like his Father ; and another Brother whom I know, also like his Father, has ripened in a much fatter but hardly less tragic way ; and indeed old Samuel Taylor himself ripened very oddly, into *Puseyisms*, into lazy metaphysical air-castles, continents of orthodox cobweb, and Heaven for the coward that can keep his shovel-hat on :—how, 'like flies in a gluepot,' do poor mortals welter bewildered in this world ! In few minutes the steam whistled, and I left poor Hartley, with sympathy, with brotherly sorrow ; and rumbled on my way, and saw him no more.

What I am now to do at home, besides sit silent and hold my peace, is by no means clear hitherto. Probably in time I shall be obliged to rally again, in some form or other : at present I feel very much as if annihilated ; the bewildering nonsense of mankind, rising gradually this twelvemonth back like an accumulating mud-lake around me, has as it were almost reached my lips ; I must either perish (that is to say, intellectually conform to it, for peace's sake), or else shovel it back from me again,—not probably in the mildest disposition of mind ! It is a horrible task : however we will not complain of it, for as you say, it will and must be useful in the end. Adieu, dear Spedding ; do not forget me.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

The *Cap* was missed within a mile of Greta Bank, but there was no return. Do with it as you say: I had already sent a similar message to James about it.

LETTER 22.

In August of this year (1848) Spedding sent to Carlyle a cutting from the *Times* giving an account of how the French Government had solved the question of Unemployment by sending their idle workmen by thousands into the district of La Sologne and there paying them a franc-and-half per diem for reclaiming waste land. Both Carlyle and Spedding were favourably impressed and convinced that this French plan should be tried in England, but thought it wiser in the first instance to test the accuracy of the newspaper account by having private inquiries made in France as to the practical working of the scheme. The answers received were rather unsatisfactory—theory when put in practice had partially failed, high expectations had not been realised. Disappointed, too, by the lukewarmness or even opposition of nearly all of their influential friends, especially of all official men, Carlyle and Spedding reluctantly gave up the chase and let the subject drop.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

The Grange, Alresford, Hants,
September 19th, 1848.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Here, selected from certain others worth nothing, is a kind of answer to your inquiry concerning the French Task-workers on the Sologne; the best answer I have yet got, which unfortunately is not worth much. Indeed the *Enterprise* seems much smaller than the Newspapers represented it; and, in spite of the 'impermeable blankets,' I doubt it will gradually die away, and leave not even an effective reminiscence of itself. If more news come to me on the subject, you shall have them. I find hitherto scarcely any human soul that will admit the possibility of thus dealing with Pauperism; and no official soul that does not shriek with horror at the bare mention of it. Alas, alas, the light giggling humour of almost all official and other men, in these days, makes me for one very serious! I believe that the righteous gods will make us all serious by and by.

For the last fortnight we are here, my Wife and I, in the midst of a sufficiently brilliant and totally *idle* circle of Society,—such as, I think, if you should describe it to an intelligent Inhabitant of the Moon, the Moonite would positively deny the possibility of. O Heavens, to think of the wild waste, madder than that of boiling potatoes by fires of cinnamon, that prevails in this distracted Earth! But I will hold my peace; in a little while I hope to be back at Chelsea again, secure in my own garret, and at *liberty* to sit entirely silent over the unspeakable! God mend us all: we do all need it; at least I, for one, very much do.

My regards to the Champion of Bacon; tho' Bacon have lain among the pots, may pious Insight (if indeed Insight can) bring him forth as a moulted dove, with his wings of silver and his neck of the yellow gold! O Heavens, it is surely pious to do so, and the first function of an understanding artist with the pen,—*if*, I say, such be the *truth*, but not otherwise!

Laurence, before I left Town, did a new tremendous Sketch of me; for I was and am the idlest of all sons of Adam, ready to be painted,—almost to be made into sausages, if anybody could find use for me! To myself I am of none or less.—On the whole, it is better that I glide out over these green sunny spaces, under the shade of a whispering ilex, and there smoke, in absolute silence, whatever my thoughts may be. Even to you I will speak no more at this time. Adieu, dear Spedding; good be with you and those dear to you, always.

Yours,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 23.

Thomas Spedding to Thomas Carlyle, 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

17, Princes Street,
Cavendish Square,
May 11th, 1849.

DEAR CARLYLE,—I am here with my wife for a few days, lionizing. I have many duties of that kind on hand as well as other engagements. I have to suffer the Opera to-night; but hope, if I get through and recover, to make my way as far as Chelsea in the course of a day or two. It may be well, however, to give you this notice, that you may either encourage or forbid

the enterprise. Send a line at any rate to say what is the time to find you at leisure, and what days, if any, next week or this, you will *not* be at home. James we left behind in Cumberland.

Ever yours truly,

T. S. SPEDDING.

LETTER 24.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, 17, Princes St., Cavendish Square, London.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
May 12th, 1849.

DEAR SPEDDING,—How can it be possible that we should, in any conceivable circumstances, 'forbid the enterprise!' The enterprise is good and indispensable, be the times or seasons what they may.—Tonight we are out, and tomorrow and Monday Nights; the more is my sorrow like to be!—But after that, we are yours for any evening Mrs. Spedding and you will please to fix upon. And for your individual behoof, I individually am here between 2 and 3 o'clock any day,—tomorrow even; tho' tomorrow, and next day, and next, I can expect to be nothing but very wretched, with a nervous-system all shattered to nonsense! The 'customs of society' do not suit *me* well in this present generation.

I will keep your address too; and see if at any time I can get so far to the North:—but that is not very hopeful, while there is a prospect of your coming hither; I seldom get beyond St. James's Parish, and indeed am much overwhelmed in litter of various kinds at present,—a third edition of *Oliver*, and far *worse* things than that!

Any day between two and three you may hit me here; any evening after Monday us both here. I could talk with you for about a month in proper situation, it appears to me.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 25.

In this year, 1850, appeared the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' eight in number, the first of which, entitled 'The Present Time,' is dated

First of February, and the last called 'Jesuitism,' First of August, —in April alone there were two, an extra being published on the 15th.

The following Letter indicates that Spedding had not at first been wholly of Carlyle's way of thinking and had made some friendly protests. He was not alone in this, for Carlyle says in his 'Reminiscences' that 'everybody fell away and considered him a lost man,' except his own Jane. 'Not she at any moment . . . She went along with me in everything (probably *counselling* a little here and there) . . . and minded no whit any results that might follow this evident *speaking of the truth*.'

Carlyle stoutly persevered till he had said his say; and ere long all sensible people began to see and approve the practical wisdom of his doctrines. A few years later Frederick J. Foxton, a highly educated and sharp-seeing man, wrote to him: 'I have been amusing myself for some time past in tracing the influence of your writings on current events as I find them exhibited in the *Times* and other periodicals, and I think I may congratulate you that very little of your philosophy falls to the ground and that few of your prophetic warnings are unfulfilled. The doctrine of your "Model Prisons" is being daily diluted in all newspapers and magazines and every sound-minded man is gradually awakening to the unspeakable folly and stupidity of our criminal legislation. Reams of "Carlyle and water" are appearing daily in the shape of letters and "leaders," and spouted from all platforms.'

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Chelsea,
May 31st, 1850.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Your Letter was very welcome to me; as any friendly, I may almost say as any human word, amid this barking of dogs, deserves to be. I perceive you still stand on the *doubting* side, and have hopes in 'toleration,' in things mending of their own accord, &c., &c. But you do not *wish* the Devil to take me in this dangerous solitary course of mine; and that, as matters go, is something considerable.—I am very sick and very busy; and cannot write except to say, Thanks and good luck to you. The day your Letter came, I snatched first one bit of paper (unfortunately not blank on both sides), then another bit; and splashed down some words in response to your objections:

here they are, if you can read them ;—they are then fit for the fire ; and I ready for another Note when the good fit takes you.¹

It is uncertain whether there will, in all, be eight or twelve or even ten of these 'Pamphlets': one thing is certain, I am bound by every consideration human and divine to get *done* as soon as possible ; and seek some quiet place of refuge, should I go across the sea to find it. I am truly very ill ;—and not likely soon to be better, I am afraid.

¹ Spedding's letter containing objections to some of Carlyle's views as expressed in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," has not been preserved: but the answer which Carlyle made on the spur of the moment is still extant, and reads as follows:—

'1. The Devil doesn't quite get possession of this world, *because* certain souls live in continual horror and terror of his doing so:—Thus, too, the thrifty labourer does not die of bankruptcy or starvation, because he sees continually the imminency of it, and by thrift and toil continually staves it off. The souls that live in continual vigilant survey of the advent of the Devil are not a kind of souls much to be envied in their generation ; and if making life, for the moment, comfortable to oneself and neighbours were the end of living, these poor souls might be defined as undoubted *failures*. In fact, they are an unhappy set of fellows, often spoiling pleasant company ; and have provoked eupeptic persons many a time to start up suddenly, and hang them, or crucify them, or in some way *end* them out of one's road. Nevertheless, if the number of such should unfortunately *diminish* below par, it were like the labourer's thrift and daily toil diminishing ; and rapid destruction would ensue.

'2. *Quam parva sapientia!* Oxenstiern, himself a supremely wise man, had no doubt seen with continual sorrow and protest how far reality fell short of the Ideal Pattern, in his time ; as unluckily it does and will do in all times. The peculiarity of certain times is that they *lose the very Ideal*, and consider it moonshine or a dream of the speculative mind ; and wise men, like T. S., express themselves content with a stuffed sack for chief governor, and declare that he and a street constable will do ! These latter seem to me very peculiar, and also very alarming times—quite different from any that Oxenstiern ever dreamt of ; and, indeed, unexampled under the sun, except in England since the "Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith" made out his "glorious Restoration" to these parts ; certainly one of the damnablest cargoes that ever arrived here. Said extraordinary "Defender" (O God, Almighty Maker, how can any of us *laugh* at such a thing !) has introduced *new* products and manifold elements not dreamt of in English or human History before. To refrain from bursting into profane swearing (which, perhaps, is *sacred* swearing), I hurry on, and say only, *Hell's Fuel*, so far as I understand it, is, was, and always will be, precisely such *unideal* practices and ages as those introduced by said extraordinary "Defender." As if an age should say to itself, "Sin against God's Laws was always prevalent: let us give up the notion of anything else but sinning against them."

'3. There is no doubt but silence is the best earthly corrective of Folly ; and I invite T. S. to reflect farther on it till he measure it fully. Folly *done* is a small matter ; and instantly finds its correction. Once *speak* your folly, it is like sticking a lighted torch into piles of bituminous combustibility which lay harmless otherwise.—God help us all ! and me in particular, who am very unwell just now !—T. C. (Chelsea, 23 May, 1850.)'

It is written, 'Woe to them that are *at ease* in Zion'; certainly that woe for one is not mine! I find Zion, this Zion of ours, a most delectable Devil's Dungheap built as high as the very stars over all of us, which calls on every son of Heaven to fire redhot shot thro' it, according to ability! With or without shot, I see it shaking towards rapid destruction now, and believe the *Abys*s will get it in one form or other before many years,—and carry Russell along with it: that is my comfort.

Adieu. Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 26.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan,
September 17th, 1850.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I fear I have been too late in writing to you. It is now almost three weeks that I have sat here, doing my utmost to *sleep*, and escape all action or exertion whatever; looking daily over withal into Cumberland and the Greta-Bank locality, with some pleasant hypothesis in that direction;—till now the time is come when I must bethink me of actually lifting anchor, and unless a sight of you be accomplished soon, it too must vanish to the realm of impossible possibilities. The truth is I am very low in bodily health and what they call 'animal spirits,'—indeed mere carrion considered as an 'animal';—and am fitter for a place in some hospital of incurables than for roaming up and down in such a screeching railwaying tornado of a world as this now is.

However, I have discerned that there does a train start from this neighbourhood on Saturday mornings, 'a market train' so-called, which fits to a quarter of an hour at Carlisle with the Maryport early train ($\frac{1}{4}$ to 10 A.M. *from* Carlisle); a route that leads me towards Keswick but will by no means set me down there;—indeed I know not in the least what it will do with me, and am reduced to question you on that and the cognate points.

Tell me therefore as soon as possible, *First*, whether you are at home on Saturday first, and disposed for a dyspeptic visitor till about Tuesday or Wednesday next; *Secondly*, what are the methods of arriving at you by that train I speak of, especially the method by the *minimum of bother* (my nerves being really unequal

to much just now):—if said method be *not* too heavy for my imagination and me, I will surely make some attempt towards screwing myself to the sticking place, and seeing you on the day mentioned! If anything be wrong for next Saturday, or if I myself and my poor imagination go wrong for that day,—then alas I fear the project is off; and I am wandering uncertain over space, not near you for a year again. What loads of ‘pavement’ a certain Place gets from poor souls like me whom human health has forsaken!

Tell me also whether the Colonial Secretary is in your parts: I heard an echo of him from Chelsea not long since. And please remember me kindly to Mrs. Spedding, and the Genius of Cumberland in general, which has always been an *azure* kind of country to me.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 27.

In fulfilment of the promise given in this letter Carlyle made his way to Greta Bank, having warned Spedding that he would arrive in the evening of Friday, September 28. He stayed only a couple of days, on one of which he and Spedding ‘rowed across to an Island in Keswick Lake and there found Henry Marshall with Wife and child, with Lord and Lady Monteagle, Aubrey de Vere and Lady ditto.’ It was arranged that next day the whole party should go and pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall at Coniston (‘the beautifullest place conceivable,—picturesque to a degree,’ Carlyle calls it). Alfred Tennyson and his wife (married in the previous June) were then staying at Coniston. In the society of so many old and dear friends Carlyle would have been happy, had it not been for a bad attack of insomnia. He could get hardly any sleep, and there was nothing for it but a hasty retreat home to his own quiet bed. He was driven to Windermere, and there caught the London express train and arrived at Cheyne Row in the evening of October 3, Mrs. Carlyle being absent on a long visit to Lady Ashburton at the Grange.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Scotsbrig,

September 19th, 1850.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Thanks for your prompt answer and comfortable intelligence: I find there is a Train here which, with little

waiting, will fit your Jenny-Lind Coach at Penrith ; and I am much disposed to try the adventure. But *Saturday* is not now the *dies obligata* ; therefore I dismiss Saturday ; and will execute a small visit I had to pay at Dumfries, before attempting Cumberland. Dumfries, it is proposed, shall begin to-morrow, and not last long ; after which (unless 'Diana in the shape of rust' intervene) I am your man for Greta Bank, and will duly signify on what day I am to be looked for,—'Diana' not intervening ! Penrith, during the hour of waiting, will yield me something in the form of dinner ; and Mrs. Spedding, of her bounty, will comfort the thirsty soul with a cup of tea on my arrival. Wait patiently till you hear.

That was an excellent idea about *Bacon* and the Industrial Exhibition ! Commend me to the most patient of Biographers and quietest of Philosophers, all the same.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 28.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Greta Bank, Keswick.

Chelsea,

January 29th, 1851.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I learned, last week, from somebody who reads the Newspapers, what had befallen at Mirehouse.¹ Henry Taylor too has lost his Father, in these days ; Arthur Helps his Mother : ever as of old, 'man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' I too have a Mother, now near four-score ; whose death has been a terror to me ever since my childhood. God is great ; God is also good ! We can say no more. We will not weep too much for the Dead ; it is the Living rather that deserve it of us ; they that are still in the choking press of this sad sordid warfare ; not they that have got it honourably over. *They* do rest from their labours, and their works follow them,—thro' Eternity.

A long experience has taught me to believe that the world's bravest men are often they whom the world never hears of. People call this a paradox of me ; but it is deliberately my conviction, grounded on actual survey of the facts as they have shewn themselves to me. Certainly by far the best-made men whom I have known in this world were men who, along with their other heroic gifts, had the crowning gift of *continence* (which grows daily rarer

¹ The death of Spedding's father.

in this poor Earth); and had not needed to get upon the platform, or explode themselves in Stump-oratory, or windy Stump-activity, which is always of a difficult ambiguous sort, little to the taste of a strong man not compelled to it. Richer are they, and more blessed, who have walked silent under these deep skies and eternities. Ah me, when I read the lamentations of some 'unrecognised' poetical, political or other big-blown imbecile, and think of my own brave Father and of others whom I have known, I too am without words!

When is James coming up? We shall be right glad to see him again. I have been very sorrowful and silent all winter; very much worn out of health, in fact; and admonished, by all manner of instincts and indications, to hold my peace, and wait whether a little thought would not return to me. My solitude accordingly has been well maintained; in that I have not erred. May Heaven prosper it. Paxton's Palace seems now nearly all glazed; really an excellent clever edifice; a pleasant triumph of human wit over obstacles and conditions: to me the only feature in the least pleasant of this big syllabub of balderdash and ostentatious inanity which Squire Cole, Prince Albert and other Dignitaries of the world have been so busy cooking for us. I rather think, were the mess ready, and all the talking noodles of the world fairly *got* into these precincts, you will not find me here on your coming up to see: I seriously meditate flying beyond seas till the vile banquet of the children of the wind, with all its tumults and eloquent eructations, be fairly over. One dead dog is bad; but fifty of them stranded at Blackfriars Bridge on a hot day, what can you do with these? The nostril and the soul alike turn away with abhorrence from *such* an Ecumenic Council; and pray the Heavens it may soon be blown asunder again.

Neither does the Cardinal much concern me: I felt much insulted at first,—for even a turkey cock, scraping his wings and goggle-goggling too much, has been known to provoke me in some humours, and I have taken him by the neck, and flung him over the wall, on occasion:—but as to Wiseman, I now find he is a real gain to me; and that infallibly, in the collision of windbags, collapse will the sooner ensue. Besides the poor Pope is logically *right*. Of English *Protestants* (if we go to the real meaning of that word) I hardly know three in the world: all *are* cloth-worshippers (*i.e.*, Papists), and should declare themselves so.

Adieu, dear Spedding, Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 29.

A long hiatus between this letter and the last ! Carlyle had for eight or nine years past been too sternly engaged in his ' George and Dragon Duel ' with his ' Life of Friedrich II,' to spend a minute's time on any correspondence that was not absolutely necessary. He never forgot old friends, but, as will be seen, he could not manage a visit to Spedding on this occasion.

The Carlyles spent the hot months of this year together in Fife—one month in Humble farmhouse, near Aberdour, and four or five weeks in Auchtertool House (offered to them free). After this there were visits to Scotsbrig, Haddington, &c., and then home by the end of September.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

Auchtertool House, Kirkcaldy,
August 17th, 1859.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Many thanks for your kind little Note ; the friendly honest sound of your voice is welcome to me again !

We are certainly bound Southward before long ; and certainly I will by no means forget Mirehouse when once on the Scotch Border ! My Wife, with many thanks and regrets, is obliged to say at once that she is out of the game,—being, in sad fact, far too weak for visiting operations. As for me, if I find it feasible at all, you need not doubt I will aim towards you for a day or two ; but the route is all in chaos as yet ; much is in ' chaos,'—and a good deal of it is likely to continue there !

If I live to get out of this last Prussian Scrape (by far the *worst* I ever got into, and appointed at any rate to be the *last* in my life), it is among my dreams to come to Mirehouse mounted on horseback, and *rest* in right earnest for ten days there. Alas, alas !

In a fortnight or so I will answer more definitely as to this present adventure,—fortnight *or so* ; and in the meanwhile, humbly commending myself to Mrs. Spedding, to *Baco Redivivus*, and everybody near you, I am always,

Yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 30.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

Scotsbrig,
 Ecclefechan,
 September 15th, 1859.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I did at last lift anchor from Fife, a difficult operation for one so lazy and heavy laden ; and have been here almost a week, on my way homewards,—constantly in view of Skiddaw and you, when rain-clouds and obstructions did not intervene. I am very anxious to come, and have another day or two with you in this world : the spirit indeed is willing, but alas, the flesh is weak ! My Brother, one of the most learned men in that particular, has been studying for me in ‘Bradshaw’ ; but, alas, finds nothing comfortable : a degree of gig work, shifting, tumbling and bothering,—which the weak soul shudders at in its present mood ! The truth is, I am considerably in disrepair of body at this time (untowardly chances, colds, &c., that befel me in Fife) ; and in mind almost still more, *fractus bello, fractus annis*,—and with that hideous nightmare of a Prussian business pressing constantly on my poor imagination ; a nightmare in fact likely to choke the life out of me, I often think ! Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards ; and seeks out troubles for himself if enough do not find him !

On the whole my practical conclusion is, I ought to wait the fruit of the coming Campaign ; and postpone my visit to Mirehouse (as I habitually do all visits and social enjoyments whatever) till my ‘nightmare’ is hustled off forevermore, or at least till the internecine duel between me and it is *completed*,—which indeed will mean the same thing or nearly so. That once done, how gladly will I come, and with what perfection of childlike loyalty rest myself once and again under your friendly shade !

Please let it be so ; and do not bother yourself writing, &c., farther of the matter. Wish me well thro’ my George-and-Dragon duel (not without some quizzical pity), and then—— !

With kindest regards to the Lady, to the whilom Lord Chancellor (convicted of guilty practices¹), and to every one at Mirehouse.

Yours ever sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

¹ The guilty practice was probably one of omission only ; not sending Carlyle a copy of something he (James Spedding) had lately published.

LETTER 31.

This letter and the following one make arrangements for Carlyle's last visit to the Speddings in Cumberland. As was thus proposed he left The Gill (his Sister Mrs. Austin's farm) on Monday, July 17, 1865, and reached Keswick *viâ* Annan, Carlisle, and Penrith the same day after 'a journey altogether towardly and not unpleasant.' In a Letter next day to his Wife, then at Holm Hill, he says: 'Punctual to the hour (2.39 P.M.) I was at Keswick, found Spedding with equipage attending, who joyfully welcomed me and a certain dark young gentleman as well,—the dark young gentleman proving to be a Scotch Parson formerly his Son's Tutor, whom he had summoned from Kilwinning all the way. . . . My welcome was all that honest cordiality and anxious simplicity could do. . . . The family here consists mainly of three beautiful young ladies (children when I was here last) and a young son; and all are amiable and most polite,—including Ma and Pa especially. The Kilwinning amiable youth has contributed but little hitherto,—except one joke from Annan. He had seen me from the next carriage when I entered there; a gentleman or gent said to another "Is that Mr. Carlyle?" "Yes, and there is Mr. Ewart, too." "Oh, d——n Ewart; is that Carlyle?"' In another Letter to the same, on the day following, he gives this fine description of Mirehouse and the life there: 'This place is one of the nicest I ever saw; so neat and yet mixed with wildness and breadth of expansion; everything nice and neat about it (dairy, cookery, lodging rooms, &c., &c.), *simplex munditiis* the real title of it,—not to speak of Skiddaw and the finest mountains of the earth. No care or anxiety *visible*; but how much must there *be* below ground, to keep so fair a skin! Adieu to it; and glad I have been there.' He left Mirehouse on July 20 for Ecclefechan, his visit having lasted three days.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

The Gill, Cummertrees, Annan,
July 8th, 1865.

DEAR SPEDDING,—I have been in these parts five or six weeks; entirely silent, stagnant (quiescent till quite *tired*); and now at last I am got upon forming a new Program of more active sort, with intention to begin executing in about a week hence.

One of my fixed purposes, as you know, was a three days at Mirehouse,—to see you all once more! Pray tell me now what your *times* and cases and wishes in regard to that are: so that, sometime between now and the *end* of August, I may intercalate these three days with the maximum of advantage to myself and others. This is practically all I want to-day,—tho' if you will add any other details about Self and Household, Bacon's varnished Biographer, &c., &c., you know how interesting they will be to me.

With kindest remembrances to Madam, unless she have quite forgotten me, or even if she have,—I remain,

Your old friend,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 32.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

The Gill, Annan,
July 11th, 1865.

DEAR SPEDDING,—We will say Monday, then; 'Monday 17th,' unless you hear to the contrary, which is beyond my expectation. People learned in 'Bradshaw' tell me there is ready access by a certain train from Annan (no waiting at Penrith), and ditto return, on the same conditions. *Note* we get no Letters here, after Saturday morning,—owing to desecration of the Sabbath. Blessings on us: 'Fourth Part of a Lunation' (for that is the whole mystery of it) still making such a figure at this late age of the Planet!

My Wife is in Nithsdale for about four weeks past,—fled to her excellent old Doctor there, being again in much suffering, from an arm that has fallen lame, painful continually, and prohibits *sleep* to a sad degree. She is but slightly improved, but *is* slightly within the last ten days. She is thirty miles from my solitude here, or one hour. She keeps up her heart wonderfully; intends *home* next week; and will be very sorry she cannot come with me. Adieu, then, till Monday, dear Spedding.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 33.

Thomas Spedding to Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea.

Tynemouth,
November 1st, 1865.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—Thanks for your handwriting again on the revelations of Hawkshead (received here). My Father sat for six years on the same form and same class with Wordsworth, in that ancient Seminary; and was operated upon *a posteriori* by three different Head Masters, eminent men from both Universities at that time. But the School, like most of our local ones, has faded away before modern rivals in the South Country, and the Masters now are largely Sinecurists and Sportsmen.

We have been here for a fortnight for a smell of the German Ocean. It is among the busiest of Ports and very interesting as a change from the solitary Fells of the West. It is however a 'Black Country,' feeding on the bowels of Mother Earth, without moderation or compensation; and Colliers, rebellious more or less almost always, reminding one of what Ebenezer Elliott calls 'Trade's contentious Hell.' Bede's Church is still in some sort surviving in the midst of it all at Jarrow. All other monastic relics are crumbling away.

I have not time for more at this moment. I hope you are well, and as moderately provided with literary work as you desire. And above all I trust Mrs. Carlyle continues well, at least better and better.

My Brother is in Cumberland just now, and Anthony Froude was with us a month or so ago.

Ever faithfully yours,
T. S. SPEDDING.

LETTER 34.

Thomas Spedding to Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea.

Scarborough,
November 19th, 1867.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I did not send you thanks immediately for the improved Edition of 'Niagara'; but I was much obliged for it. The additions came when I wanted them, and left little wanting.

I trust your voice will not be heard in vain, and in confirmation of that hope, I have been agreeably surprised to find an impression made in several unexpected quarters, and where indeed I should not have expected the Pamphlet to find its way, or anything more of you than your name to be known. The signs of anarchy multiply all round the horizon; and all thinking people must surely see it and begin to stand on the defensive. Yet there is too probably no way to order again except through worse disorder.

Some of my household have gone to Mentone, and the rest of us will be at home again on Saturday.

Ever yours truly,

T. S. SPEDDING.

LETTER 35.

Thomas Spedding to Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea.

Mirehouse,

September 8th, 1868.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—Tho' this must go to Chelsea for want of your Northern address at this moment, I believe you to be in Scotland somewhere, and am taking advantage of that fact to catch you if possible in transition.

Lord Bacon is here, but going into the Highlands on Monday for a week, and intending to be back the week following, say, in from fourteen to eighteen days hence; and if about that time you should be tending Southward again, could you not, and would you not, look in upon us once more? Fixing your own time.

I failed in my promise and intention to have another perambulation of the Parks with you before leaving London, but I could not help it. I went to Folkestone to meet my absentees, and found both Wife and Son in bad plight from some Malaria encountered in Venetia on their way home; and I was obliged to get them through the heat of London as quickly as possible into northern air,—which soon revived them, and all is right now.

I hope you are at your best too, and we shall all be much elevated by the sight of you again.

With friendly greetings to Dr. Carlyle, if within your reach, believe me ever,

Faithfully yours,

T. S. SPEDDING.

LETTER 36.

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

The Hill, Dumfries,
September 10th, 1868.

DEAR SPEDDING,—You are very kind to remember me again; and right well should I have liked to see kind Mirehouse, and Lord Bacon and you all, in memory of days that are now far away! Unluckily I go for Chelsea next week; and can only send you my kindly regrets and ineffectual good-wishes as I whirl thro' the Mountains,—probably on Thursday next,—towards a 'Home' now fallen vacant enough to me.

I have been silent here for well-nigh two months; idler than I almost ever was before; totally secluded from everybody, a life of mere reverie and reminiscence, mournful all of it, but possibly not quite unprofitable all,—one never knows on that latter point,—perhaps it was only more sluggishly dormant and *endurable* than London and its mad noises? I came with some *medical* views among others; and indeed was in Edinburgh for a fortnight (*au secret* altogether) under something of that kind, which has passively gone on (beside my Brother here) ever since,—whether with any real or permanent advantage, I don't much know—nor indeed, to say truth, very much *care*, at the stage things are come to.

My Brother sends you his best salutations: my own especial greetings to Madam, and to the indefatigable Bacon. All good be with you all.

Yours sincerely ever,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER 37.

This is T. Spedding's last letter to Carlyle. Spedding had been up in London in the spring of this year (1870), and seen and communed with his old friend; for Carlyle writes in his 'Journal' (1st May): 'T. Spedding is here; walk with him last week.' For some time after returning home Spedding continued in robust health, but quite unexpectedly and suddenly died on November 21 of some form of heart disease. His brother James broke the bad news to Carlyle two days later in a letter in which he says: 'My dear Carlyle,—You will be sorry to hear what I have to tell you.'

We have just heard that my Brother died last Monday night, after a very short illness—with only intervals of pain in the chest—easily and suddenly at last. I left him a month since looking, I thought, remarkably well and feeling well in body and mind. I have seldom, if ever, seen seventy years worn apparently with less damage and distress. . . . It sometimes seems a pity that a man should die while his faculties are good, but that his faculties should fail *before* he dies is in my apprehension more to be deprecated.’—Carlyle, though five years older than Spedding, survived him more than ten years and died in his eighty-sixth year on February 5, 1881.

Thomas Spedding to Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea.

Mirehouse, Keswick,
August 23rd, 1870.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,—Will this find you again in N.B. ? and if so is there any chance of catching you in your flight Southwards ? We cannot hope anyhow for many more meetings under the Sun, but might it be here once more ? You would tell us what to think of this great catastrophe across the Channel, and whether it is likely to make *us* any wiser than money-making and *progress* have been doing of late. Providence seems to be on the right side this time.

Kind remembrance to your Brother if he is within speech of you. Lord Bacon is here, and we all join in benedictions and hopes of you.

Ever faithfully yours,
T. S. SPEDDING.

LETTER 38.

In this his last letter to Spedding, Carlyle touches briefly on the Franco-German War of 1870 and '71, in the strain, so far as it goes, of his letter on the same subject to the *Times* a month or two later. I here omit the passage (only some eight lines), for two reasons : *First*, Carlyle, like the majority of us, believed that France premeditated and planned the War, and was the aggressor in it, and that Germany fought only in self-defence. The world did not then know (as it now does too well ever since August 1914) what an expert at *camouflage* Germany had become, how skilfully she could deceive opinion, make black appear white, and *vice versa* ; for she then had a fairly good reputation for being honest and

peace-loving. But by and by when the *facts* about the origin of the War leaked out, and instances of Bismarck's disingenuous doings came to light, it soon became very evident that Germany, not France, had been the aggressor, and that conquest, not self-defence, was her object. *Secondly*, to a very great extent Carlyle modified the views expressed in these eight omitted lines and in his letter to the *Times*, which therefore ought not to be allowed to stand unchallenged as his *final* verdict. In his later years when he had learned the truth about the origin of the War, and had gained authentic knowledge of the true character of Bismarck, it was evident to all who talked with him that there was a very sensible diminution of his approval and admiration of Germany and her great Chancellor. I myself have heard him speak disparagingly of Bismarck, and I notice that William Allingham, in his admirable record of talks with Carlyle, expresses his surprise that he uttered no word in defence of the Chancellor when he heard him violently assailed; and adds these significant words: 'But he [Carlyle] seems to have got fresh lights on Bismarck's character.'—*Diary* (1878), p. 270.

As Carlyle's love and appreciation of Germany diminished, his love and appreciation of France increased. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter he wrote in late years to Mrs. Phillips (*née* 'Kitty Kirkpatrick') with whom and her cousin, Mr. Strachey, he had made a tour to Paris in 1824:—'Our poor little French Tour, so pleasant and full of interest in those days! . . . With you I altogether and sorrowfully pity France, with the ardent *wish* which struggles to be the sure *hope* that it will recover its pristine beauty and brilliancy and be once more the ornament of Europe. . . . Few persons, I believe, perhaps *au fond* not you yourself, have a deeper sense of the beautiful, graceful and shining qualities Nature has lodged in the French.'

Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Spedding, Mirehouse, Keswick.

The Hill, Dumfries,
September 8th, 1870.

DEAR SPEDDING,—Your Letter is very welcome to me; the voice of your honest old friendliness, in this new invitation, awakens many thoughts, very beautiful, tho' also very mournful, very solemn! It is now, or ought to be, altogether plain to me that I can make no more visits:—incapable even of *sleep* in strange

places; good for nothing, or little except suffering unknown miseries, among my hospitable fellow creatures, when awake; in fact such a piece of frail humanity as nobody not absolutely bound to it ought to be troubled with handling! That is the veritable state of the case.

You I expect to see again in London, and still again; for you are not to conclude that in essentials I am weaker than men at my age, but the contrary rather; troubled with no *disease* whatever, except a gradually increasing *dyspepsia* of fifty-three years standing, and a ditto ditto thinness of skin,—*unmanageable* now out of my own shop. Lord Bacon seldom or never comes to me; but you, I calculate, are still up to such things; and neither of you, I know well, has ever forgotten me, or will till the end. Amen, Amen! . . .

Let me recommend to you the first Article in September *Fraser*. Here also is a Letter from the Author [J. A. Froude], which you needn't take the trouble of returning.

With many hearty regards to Madam and all of you young and old,

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

I return to Chelsea so soon as I can get the anchor up; i.e., probably in about 10 days.

ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

